

238/25

THE
NEW BATH GUIDE:

OR,
MEMOIRS

OF THE
B—N—R—D FAMILY.

IN A SERIES OF
POETICAL EPISTLES.

Nullus in orbe locus Baiiis præluet amœnis. HOR.

A NEW EDITION.

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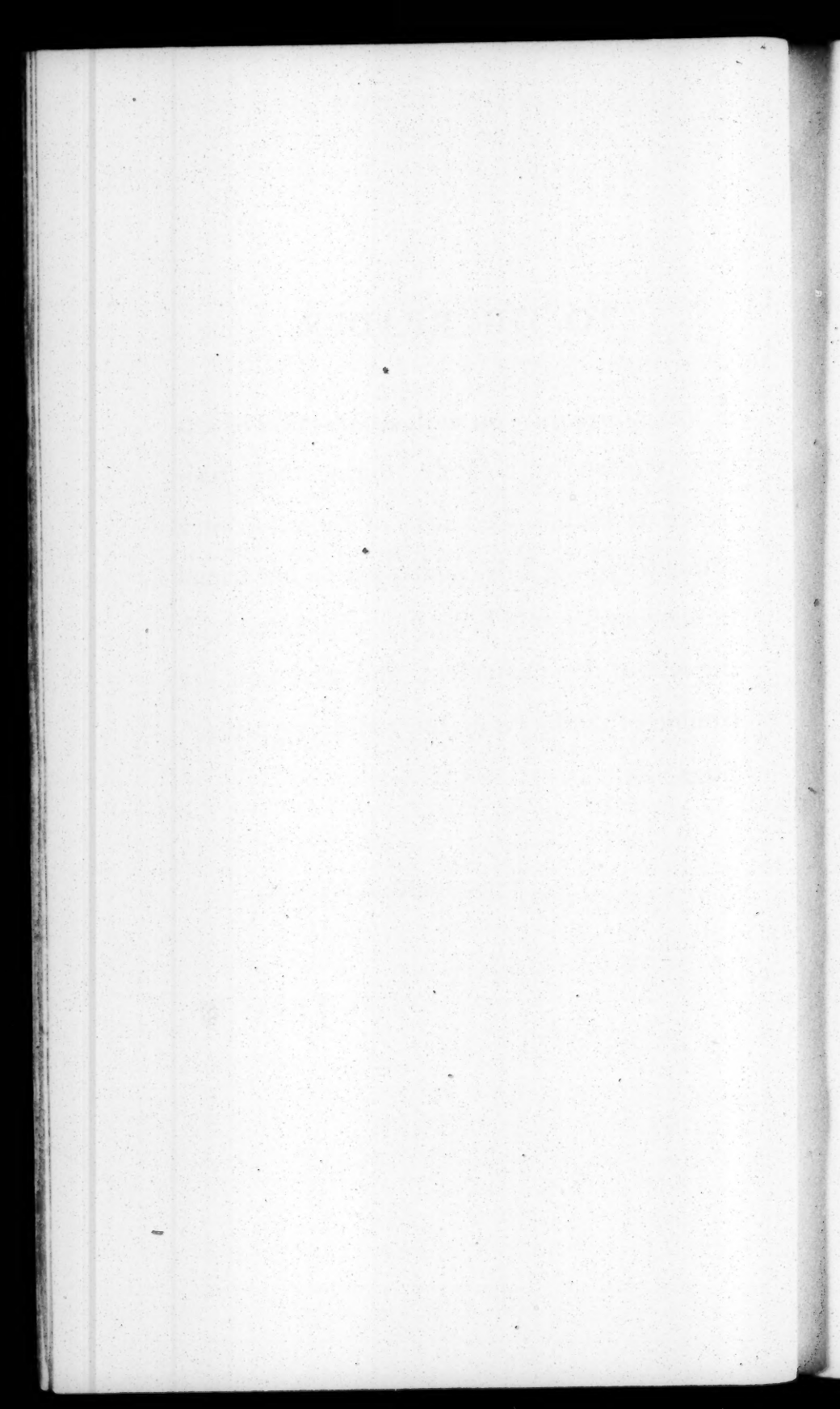


TO THE READER.

I HERE present you with a collection of letters, written by a family during their residence at Bath.—The first of them, from a romantic young lady, addressed to her friend in the country, will bring you acquainted with the rest of the characters, and save you the trouble of reading a dull introductory preface from

Your humble servant,

THE EDITOR.



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THE
NEW BATH GUIDE.

—◆—
PART THE FIRST.
—◆—

THE
NEW BATH GUIDE.

LETTER I.

MISS JENNY W—D—R TO LADY ELIZ. M—D—SS,
AT ——— CASTLE, NORTH.

A View from the Parades at Bath, with some Account of the
Dramatis Personæ.

SWEET are yon hills that crown this fertile vale!
Ye genial springs! Pierian waters, hail!

Hail, woods and lawns! Yes—oft I'll tread
Yon' pine-clad mountain's side,
Oft trace the gay enamell'd mead,
Where Avon rolls his pride.

Sure, next to fair Castalia's streams,
 And Pindus' flow'ry path,
 Apollo most the springs esteems,
 And verdant meads of Bath.

The Muses haunt these hallow'd groves,
 And here their vigils keep,
 Here teach fond swains their hapless loves
 In gentle strains to weep.

From water sprung, like flow'rs from dew,
 What troops of bards appear!
 The god of verse and physic too,
 Inspires them twice a year.

Take then, my friend, the sprightly rhyme,
 While you inglorious waste your prime,
 At home in cruel durance pent,
 On dull domestic cares intent,

Forbid, by parent's harsh decree,
 To share the joys of Bath with with me.
 Ill judging parent! blind to merit,
 Thus to confine a nymph of spirit!
 With all thy talents doom'd to fade
 And wither in th' unconscious shade!
 I vow, my dear, it moves my spleen,
 Such frequent instances I've seen
 Of fathers, cruel and unkind,
 To all paternal duty blind.
 What wretches do we meet with often,
 Whose hearts no tenderness can soften!
 Sure all good authors should expose
 Such parents, both in verse and prose,
 And nymphs inspire with resolution
 Ne'er to submit to persecution.
 This wholesome satire much enhances
 The merit of our best romances.

And modern plays that I could mention,
 With judgment fraught, and rare invention,
 Are written with the same intention.
 But, thank my stars! that worthy pair,
 Who undertook a guardian's care,
 My spirit never have confin'd;
 (An instance of their gen'rous mind)
 For Lady B—n—r—d, my aunt,
 Herself propos'd this charming jaunt,
 All from redundancy of care
 For Sim, her fav'rite son and heir;
 To him the joyous hours I owe
 That Bath's enchanting scenes bestow;
 Thanks to her book of choice receipts,
 That pamper'd him with sav'ry meats;
 Nor less that day deserves a blessing
 She cramm'd his sister to excess in:
 For now she sends both son and daughter
 For crudities to drink the water.

And here they are, all bile and spleen,
 The strangest fish that e'er were seen ;
 With Tabby Runt, their maid, poor creature,
 The queerest animal in nature.
 I'm certain none of Hogarth's sketches
 E'er form'd a set of stranger wretches.
 I own, my dear, it hurts my pride,
 To see them blundering by my side ;
 My spirits flag, my life and fire
 Is mortify'd *au desespoir*,
 When Sim, unfashionable ninny,
 In public calls me *cousin* Jenny ;
 And yet, to give the wight his due,
 He has some share of humour too,
 A comic vein of pedant learning
 His conversation you'll discern in,
 The oddest compound you can see
 Of shrewdness and simplicity,

With natural strokes of awkward wit,
 That oft, like Parthian arrows, hit ;
 For when he seems to dread the foe,
 He always strikes the hardest blow ;
 And when you'd think he means to flatter,
 His panegyrics turn to satire ;
 But then no creature you can find
 Knows half so little of mankind,
 Seem always blundering in the dark,
 And always making some remark ;
 Remarks that so provoke one's laughter,
 One can't imagine what he's after :
 And sure you'll thank me for exciting
 In Sim a wondrous itch for writing :
 With all his serious grimace
 To give descriptions of the place.
 No doubt his mother will produce
 His poetry for general use,

And if his bluntness does not fright you,
 His observations must delight you ;
 For truly the true creature's mind
 Is honest, generous, and kind :
 If unprovok'd, will ne'er displease ye,
 Or ever make one soul uneasy.—
 I'll try to make his sister Prue
 Take a small trip to Pindus too.

And Me the Nine shall all inspire
 To tune for thee the warbling lyre :
 For thee the Muse shall every day
 Speed, by the post, her rapid way.
 For thee, my friend, I'll oft explore
 Deep treasures of romantic lore :
 Nor wonder if I gods create,
 As all good bards have done of late ;

'Twill make my verse run smooth and even,
To call new deities from heaven :
Come, then, thou goddess I adore !
But soft—my chairman's at the door,
The ball's begun—my friend, no more.

J— W—D—R.

BATH, 1766.

LETTER II.

MR. SIMKIN B—N—R—D TO LADY B—N—R—D,
AT ——— HALL, NORTH.

Mr. B—n—r—d's reflections on his arrival at Bath.—The case of himself
and company.—The acquaintance he commences, &c. &c.

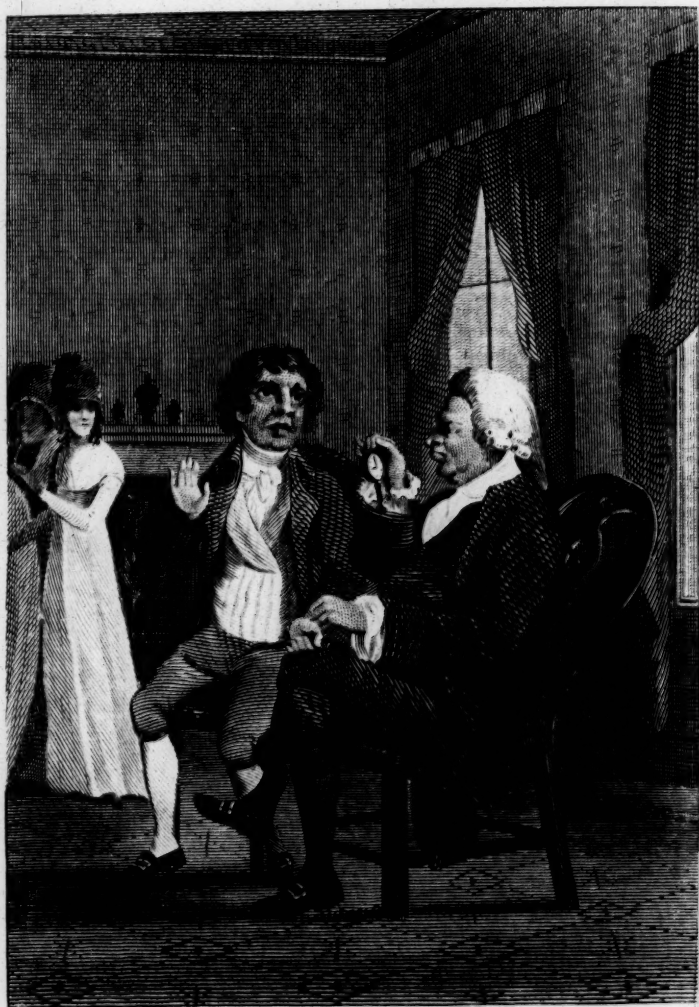
WE all are a wonderful distance from home!
Two hundred and sixty long miles are we come!
And sure you'll rejoice, my dear mother, to hear
We are safely arriv'd at the sign of the Bear.

'Tis a plaguy long way!—but I ne'er can repine,
As my stomach is weak, and my spirits decline:
For the people say here,—be whatever your case,
You are sure to get well if you come to this place.—

Miss Jenny made fun, as she always is wont,
 Of Prudence my sister, and Tabitha Runt;
 And every moment she heard me complain,
 Declar'd I was vapour'd, and laugh'd at my pain.
 What though at Devizes I fed pretty hearty,
 And made a good meal like the rest of the party,
 When I came here to Bath, not a bit could I eat,
 Tho' the man at the Bear had provided a treat:
 And so I went quite out of spirits to bed,
 With wind in my stomach, and noise in my head.

As we all came for health (as a body may say)
 I sent for the doctor the very next day,
 And the doctor was pleas'd, tho' so short was the
 warning,
 To come to our lodging betimes in the morning;
 He look'd very thoughtful and grave, to be sure,
 And I said to myself—There's no hopes of a cure!





Baynes delin.

Taylor sculp

*Thinks I 'tis all over — my sentence is past
And now he is counting how long I may last*
page 14.

Published Sept. 1797. by Vernor & Hood, 31. Poultry.

But I thought I should faint, when I saw him, dear
mother,

Feel my pulse with one hand, with a watch in the
other;

No token of death that is heard in the night

Could ever have put me so much in a fright;

Thinks I—'tis all over—my sentence is past,

And now he is counting how long I may last.—

Then he look'd at ——, and his face grew so long,

I'm sure he thought something within me was
wrong.

He determin'd our cases, at length, (G—d pre-
serve us!)

I'm bilious, I find, and the women are nervous;

Their systems relax'd, and all turn'd topsy turvy,

With hypochondriacs, obstructions, and scurvy;

And these are distempers he must know the whole
on,

For he talk'd of the pericraneum and colon,

Of phlegmatic humours oppressing the women,
 From fœculent matter that swells the abdomen ;
 But the noise I have heard in my bowels like
 thunder,

Is a flatus, I find, in my left hypochonder.
 So plenty of med'cines each day does he send

Post singulas liquidas sedes sumend'

Ad crepitus vesper' & man' promovend' ;

In English to say, we must swallow a potion

For driving out wind after every motion ;

The same to continue for three weeks at least,

Before we may venture the waters to taste.

Five times have I purg'd, yet I am sorry to tell ye,

I find the same gnawing and wind in my belly ;

But, without any doubt, I shall find myself stronger,

When I've took the same physic a week or two
 longer.

He gives little Tabby a great many doses,

For he says the poor creature has got the *Chlorosis*,

Or a ravenous *Pica*, so brought on the vapours
 By swallowing stuff she had read in the papers;
 And often I've marvell'd she spent so much money
 In Water-dock Essence, and Balsam of honey;
 Such tinctures, elixirs, such pills have I seen,
 I never could wonder her face was so green.
 Yet he thinks he can very soon set her to right
 With *Testic' Equin'* that she takes every night;
 And when to her spirits and strength he has brought
 her,

He thinks she may venture to bathe in the water.
 But Prudence is forc'd ev'ry day to ride out,
 For he says she wants thoroughly jumbling about.
 Now it happens in this very house is a lodger,
 Whose name's Nicodemus, but some call him
 Roger,

And Roger's so kind as my sister to bump
 On a pillion, as soon as she comes from the pump;

He's a pious good man, and an excellent scholar,
 And I think it is certain no harm can befall her;
 For Roger is constantly saying his prayers,
 Or singing some spiritual hymn on the stairs.
 But my cousin Miss Jenny's as fresh as a rose,
 And the Captain attends her wherever she goes:
 The Captain's a *worthy good sort of a man*,
 For he calls in upon us whenever he can,
 And often a dinner or supper he takes here,
 And Jenny and he talk of Milton and Shakespear:
 For the life of me now I can't think of his name,
 But we all got acquainted as soon as we came.

Don't wonder, dear mother, in verse I have writ,
 For Jenny declares I've a good pretty wit;
 She says that she frequently sends a few verses
 To friends and acquaintance, and often rehearses:

Declares 'tis the fashion; and all the world knows
 There's nothing so filthy, so vulgar as prose.
 And I hope, as I write without any connection,
 I shall make a great figure in Dodsley's Collection;
 At least when he chooses his book to increase,
 I may take a small flight as a *fugitive piece*.—
 But now, my dear mother, I'm quite at a stand,
 So I rest your most dutiful son to command.

S——B——N——R——D.

BATH, 1766.

LETTER III.

MISS JENNY W—D—R TO LADY ELIZ. M—D—SS,
AT ——— CASTLE, NORTH.

THE BIRTH OF FASHION.

A SPECIMEN OF A MODERN ODE.

SURE there are charms by Heaven assign'd
To modish life alone;
A grace, an air, a taste refin'd,
To vulgar souls unknown.

Nature, my friend, profuse in vain,
May every gift impart;
If unimprov'd, they ne'er can gain
An empire o'er the heart.

Dress be our care in this gay scene
 Of Pleasure's blest abode:
 Enchanting Dress! if well I ween,
 Meet subject for an Ode.

Come then, nymph of various mien,
 Votary true of Beauty's queen,
 Whom the young and ag'd adore,
 And thy different arts explore.
 Fashion, come:—On me awhile
 Deign, fantastic nymph, to smile.
 Moria * thee, in times of yore,
 To the motley Proteus bore;
 He, in bishop's robes array'd,
 Went one night to masquerade,
 Where thy simple mother stray'd:

* The Goddess of Folly.

She was clad like harmless quaker,
 And was pleas'd my lord should take her
 By the waist, and kindly shake her ;
 And, with look demure, said she,
 " Pray, my lord,—*do you know me?*"
 He, with soothing, flattering arts,
 Such as win all female hearts,
 Much extoll'd her wit and beauty,
 And declar'd it was his duty,
 As she was a maid of honour,
 To confer his blessing on her.
 There, 'mid dress of various hue,
 Crimson, yellow, green, and blue,
 All on furbelows and laces,
 Slipt into her chaste embraces ;
 Then, like sainted rogue, cry'd he,
 " Little quaker—*you know me.*"

Fill'd with thee she went to France,
 Land renown'd for complaisance,

Vers'd in science debonair,
 Bowing, dancing, dressing hair;
 There she chose her habitation,
 Fix'd thy place of education.
 Nymph, at thy auspicious birth,
 Hebe strew'd with flowers the earth;
 Thee to welcome, all the Graces
 Deck'd in ruffles, deck'd in laces,
 With the God of Love attended,
 And the Cyprian queen descended.
 Now you trip it o'er the globe,
 Clad in party-colour'd robe,
 And, with all thy mother's sense,
 Virtues of your sire dispense.

Goddess, if from hand like mine,
 Aught be worthy of thy shrine,
 Take the flow'ry wreath I twine.

Lead, oh ! lead me by the hand,
 Guide me with thy magic wand,
 Whether deck'd in lace and ribbons,
 Thou appear'st like Mrs. Gibbons,
 Or the nymph of smiling look,
 At Bath yclept Janetta Cook.
 Bring, O bring thy essence-pot,
 Amber, musk, and bergamot,
 Eau de chipre, eau de luce,
 Sans pareil, and citron juice,
 Nor thy band-box leave behind,
 Fill'd with stores of every kind ;
 All th' enraptur'd bard supposes,
 Who to Fancy odes composes :
 All that Fancy's self has feign'd,
 In a band-box is contain'd :
 Painted lawns, and chequer'd shades,
 Crape, that's worn by love-lorn maids,
 Water'd tabbies, flower'd brocades ;

Vi'lets, pinks, Italian posies,
 Myrtles, jessamins, and roses,
 Aprons, caps, and 'kerchiefs clean,
 Straw-built hats, and bonnets green,
 Catguts, gauzes, tippets, ruffs,
 Fans, and hoods, and feather'd muffs,
 Stomachers and Paris nets,
 Ear-rings, necklaces, aigrets,
 Fringes, blonds, and mignonets ;
 Fine vermilion for the cheek,
 Velvet patches *à la grecque*.
 Come, but don't forget the gloves,
 Which, with all the smiling loves,
 Venus caught young Cupid picking
 From the tender breast of chicken ;
 Little chicken, worthier far
 Than the birds of Juno's car,
 Soft as Cytherea's dove,
 Let thy skin my skin improve ;

Thou by night shall grace my arm,
And by day shalt teach to charm.

Then, O sweet goddess, bring with thee
Thy boon attendant Gaiety,
Laughter, Freedom, Mirth, and Ease,
And all the smiling deities;
Fancy, spreading painted sails,
Loves that fan with gentle gales.—
But hark!——methinks I hear a voice,
My organs all at once rejoice;
A voice that *says*, or *seems* to *say*,
“ Sister, hasten, sister gay,
“ Come to the pump-room—come away.”

J— W—D—R.

BATH, 1766.

LETTER IV.

MR. SIMKIN B—N—R—D TO LADY B—N—R—D,
AT ——— HALL, NORTH.

A CONSULTATION OF PHYSICIANS.

DEAR mother, my time has been wretchedly spent,
With a gripe or a hickup wherever I went,
My stomach all swell'd, till I thought it would
burst,

Sure never poor mortal with wind was so curst!
If ever I ate a good supper at night,
I dream'd of the devil, and wak'd in a fright:
And so, as I grew every day worse and worse,
The doctor advis'd me to send for a nurse,
And the nurse was so willing my health to restore,
She begg'd me to send for a few doctors more;

For when any difficult work's to be done,
 Many heads can dispatch it much sooner than one ;
 And I find there are doctors enough at this place,
 If you want to consult in a dangerous case !

So they all met together, and thus began talking :

“ Good doctor, I'm your's—'tis a fine day for walk-
 ing—

“ Sad news in the papers—G-d knows who's to
 blame !

“ The colonies seem to be all in a flame—

“ This *stamp act*, no doubt, might be good for the
 crown,

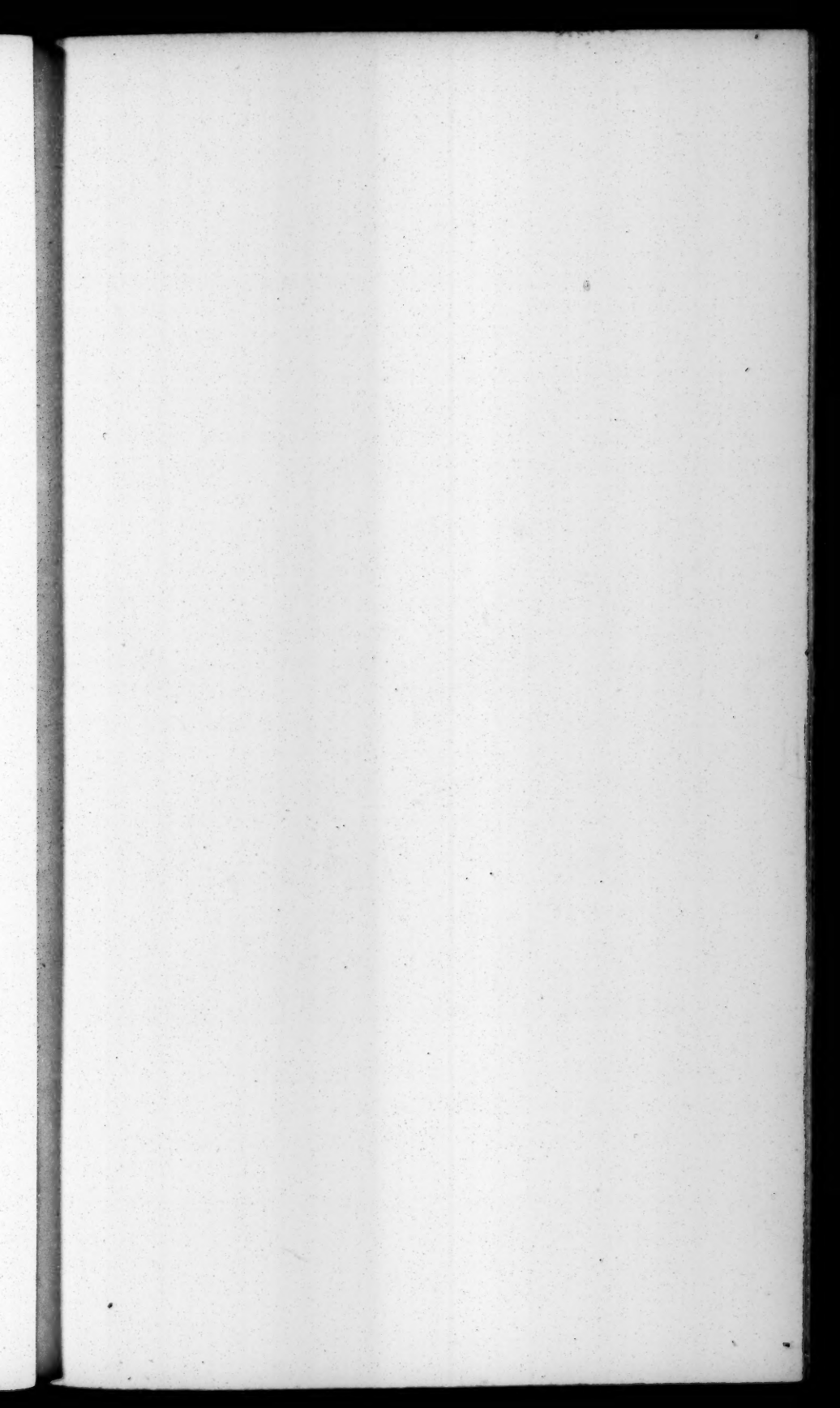
“ But I fear 'tis a pill that will never go down—

“ What can Portugal mean?—Is *she* going to
 stir up

“ Convulsions and heats in the bowels of Europe?

“ 'Twill be fatal if England relapses again,

“ From the ill blood and humours of Bourbon and
 Spain.”





Baynes delin

Taylor sculp.

*But a tight little Doctor began a dispute
About administration, Newcastle and Bute.*

page 30

Published Sept. 7. 1797. by Warner & Wood. 31. Poultry.

Says I, ‘ My good doctors, I can’t understand
 ‘ Why the deuce ye take so many patients in hand;
 ‘ Ye’ve a great deal of practice, as far as I find,
 ‘ But since ye’re come hither, do pray be so kind
 ‘ To write me down something that’s good for the
 wind.

‘ No doubt ye are all of ye great politicians,
 ‘ But at present *my bowels* have need of physicians:
 ‘ Consider my case in the light it deserves,
 ‘ And pity the state of my stomach and nerves.’——

But a tight little doctor began a dispute
 About administrations, Newcastle and Bute,
 Talk’d much of *œconomy*, much of profuseness.—
 Says another——“ This case, which at first was a
 looseness,

“ Is become a *Tenesmus*, and all we can do
 “ Is to give him a gentle cathartic or two;

“First get off the phlegm that adheres to the
Plica,

“Then throw in a med’cine that’s pretty and
spicy;—

“A *peppermint* draught,—or a—Come, let’s be
gone,

“We’ve another bad case to consider at one.”

So thus they brush’d off, each his cane at his nose,
When Jenny came in, who had heard all their prose;
“I’ll teach them,” says she, “at their next con-
sultation,

“To come and take fees for the good of the na-
tion.”

I could not conceive what the devil she meant,
But she seiz’d all the stuff that the doctor had sent,
And out of the window she flung it down souse,
As the first politician went out of the house.

Decoctions and syrups around him all flew,
 The pill, bolus, julep, and apozem too;
 His wig had the luck a cathartic to meet,
 And squash went the gallipot under his feet.
 She said, 'twas a shame I should swallow such
 stuff,

When my bowels were weak, and the physic so
 rough;
 Declar'd she was shock'd that so many should
 come

To be doctor'd to death such a distance from
 home,

At a place where they tell you that water alone
 Can cure all distempers that ever were known.
 But what is the pleasantest part of the story,
 She has order'd for dinner a piper and dory;
 For to day Captain Cormorant's coming to dine,
 That worthy acquaintance of Jenny's and mine.

'Tis a shame to the army, that men of such spirit
 Should never obtain the reward of their merit ;
 For the Captain's as gallant a man, I'll be sworn,
 And as honest a fellow as ever was born :
 After so many hardships, and dangers incurr'd,
 He himself thinks he ought to be better pre-
 ferr'd,

And Roger, or what is his name? Nicodemus,
 Appears full as kind, and as much to esteem us ;
 Our Prudence declares he's an excellent preacher,
 And by night and by day is so good as to teach
 her ;

His doctrine so sound with such spirit he gives,
 She ne'er can forget it as long as she lives.
 I told you before, that he's often so kind
 To go out a riding with Prudence behind,
 So frequently dines here without any pressing,
 And now to the fish he is giving his blessing ;

And as that is the case, tho' I've taken a griper,
I'll venture to peck at the dory and piper.
And now, my dear mother, &c. &c. &c.

S— B—N—R—D.

BATH, 1766.

LETTER V.

MR. SIMKIN B—N—R—D TO LADY B—N—R—D,
AT —— HALL, NORTH.

Salutations of Bath, and an Adventure of Mr. B—n—r—d's in consequence thereof.

No city, dear mother, this city excels
In charming sweet sounds both of fiddles and bells;
I thought, like a fool, that they only would ring
For a wedding, or judge, or the birth of a king;
But I found 'twas for *me*, that the good-natur'd
people
Rung so hard, that I thought they would pull down
the steeple;

So I took out my purse, as I hate to be shabby,
 And paid all the men when they came from the
 abbey :

Yet some think it strange they should make such
 a riot

In a place where sick folk would be glad to be
 quiet ;

But I hear 'tis the bus'ness of this corporation
 To welcome in all the *great* men of the nation ;
 For you know there is nothing diverts or employs
 The minds of *great* people like making a noise ;
 So with bells they contrive all as much as they can
 To tell the arrival of any such man.

If a broker, or statesman, a gamester, or peer,
 A nat'raliz'd Jew, or a bishop comes here,
 Or an *eminent* trader in *cheese* should retire,
 Just to think of the bus'ness the state may require,

With horns and with trumpets, with fiddles and
drums,

They'll strive to divert him as soon as he comes.

'Tis amazing they find such a number of ways
Of employing his thoughts all the time that he
stays!

If by chance the *great* man at his lodging alone is,
He may view from his window the colliers' ponies
On both the parades, where they tumble and kick,
To the great entertainment of those that are sick :
What a number of turnspits and builders he'll find
For relaxing his cares and unbending his mind,
While notes of sweet music contend with the cries
Of *fine potted liver, fresh oysters, and pies!*

And music's a thing I shall truly revere,
Since the city-musicians so tickled my ear :
For when we arriv'd here at Bath t'other day,
They came to our lodgings on purpose to play ;

And I thought it was right as the music was
come,

To foot it a little in Tabitha's room ;

For practice makes perfect, as often I've read,

And to heels is of service as well as the head :

But the lodgers were shock'd such a noise we
should make,

And the ladies declar'd that we kept them awake ;

Lord Ringbone, who lay in the parlour below,

On account of the gout he had got in his toe,

Began on a sudden to curse and to swear :

I protest, my dear mother, 'twas shocking to hear

The oaths of that reprobate gouty old peer :

" All the devils in hell sure at once have con-
curr'd

" To make such a noise here as never was heard ;

" Some blundering blockhead, while I am in bed,

" Treads as hard as a coach-horse just over my head ;

" I cannot conceive what a plague he's about :

" Are the fiddlers come hither to make all this rout

" With their d—'d squeaking catgut, that's worse
 " than the gout ?

" If the aldermen bade 'em come hither, I swear,

" I wish they were broiling in hell with the
 " may'r ;

" May flames be my portion if ever I give

" Those rascals one farthing as long as I live !"

So while they were playing their musical airs,
 And I was just dancing the hay round the chairs,
 He roar'd to his Frenchman to kick them down
 stairs.

The Frenchman came forth with his outlandish
 lingo,

Just the same as a monkey, and made all the
 men go ;

I could not make out what he said, not a word,
 And his lordship declar'd I was very absurd.
 Says I, 'Master Ringbone, I've nothing to fear,
 'Tho' you be a Lord, and your man a Mounseer,
 'For the may'r and the aldermen bade them come
 ' here :

' ——— As absurd as I am,
 ' I don't care a damn
 ' For you, nor your *valee de sham* :
 ' For a Lord, do you see,
 ' Is nothing to me,
 ' Any more than flea ;
 ' And your Frenchman so eager,
 ' With all his soup meagre,
 ' Is no more than a mouse,
 ' Or a bug, or a louse,

And I'll do as I please while I stay in the
 house :

‘ For the B—n—r—d family all can afford
 ‘ To part with their money as free as a Lord.’

So I thank’d the musicians, and gave them a
 guinea,

Tho’ the ladies and gentlemen call’d me a ninny ;
 And I’ll give them another the next time they
 play,

For men of good fortune encourage, they say,
 All arts and all sciences too in their way ;
 So the men were so kind as to halloo and bawl,
 “ God bless you, Sir, thank you ; good fortune
 befall

“ Yourself, and the B—n—r—d family all.”

Excuse any more,—for I very well know
 Both my subject and verse—*is exceedingly low ;*

But if any great critic finds fault with my letter,
He has nothing to do but to send you a better.
And now my dear mother, &c. &c.

S—B—N—R—D.

BATH, 1766.

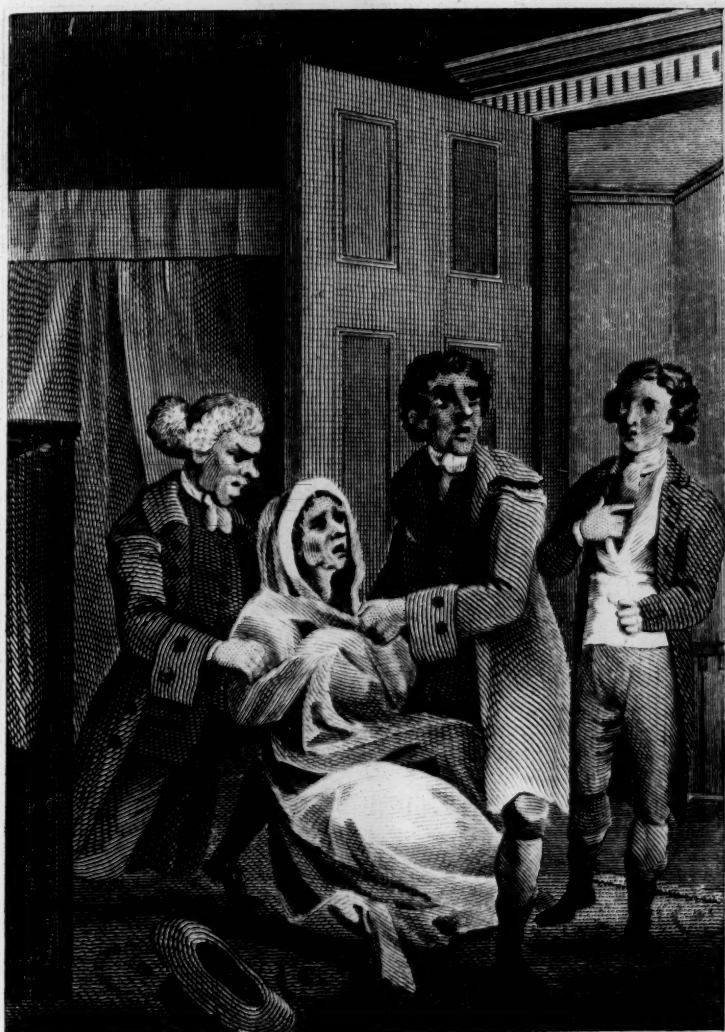
LETTER VI.

MR. SIMKIN B—N—R—D TO LADY B—N—R—D,
AT ——— HALL, NORTH.

Mr. B—n—r—d gives a Description of the Bathing.

THIS morning, dear mother, as soon as 'twas light,
I was wak'd by a noise that astonish'd me quite ;
For in Tabitha's chamber I heard such a clatter,
I could not conceive what the deuce was the
matter ;

And, wou'd you believe it? I went up and found her
In a blanket, with two lusty fellows around her,
Who both seem'd a going to carry her off in
A little black box, just the size of a coffin :



Byrnes delin.

Taylor sculp.

*And would you believe it, I went up & found her
In a blanket and two lusty fellows around her.*

page 54

Published Sept^r 1797 by Verner & Wood 31. Poultry.

‘ Pray tell me,’ says I, ‘ what ye’re doing of there?’

“ Why, master, ’tis hard to be bilk’d of our fare,

“ And so we were thrusting her into a chair ;

“ We don’t see no reason for using us so,

“ For she bade us come hither, and now she won’t

“ go :

“ We’ve earn’d all the fare, for we both came and

“ knock’d her

“ Up, as soon as ’twas light, by advice of the

doctor ;

“ And this is a job that we often go a’ter,

“ For ladies that choose to go into the water.”

‘ But pray,’ says I, ‘ Tabitha, what is your drift

‘ To be cover’d in flannel instead of a shift ?

‘ ’Tis all by the doctor’s advice, I suppose,

‘ That nothing is left to be seen but your nose :

‘ I think, if you really intend to go in,

‘ ’Twould do you more good if you strip to the

‘ skin ;

‘ And if you’ve a mind for a frolick, i’fa’t’h,
 ‘ I’ll just step and see you jump into the bath’.
 So they hoisted her down just as safe and as well
 And as snug as a hodmandod rides in his shell :
 I fain would have gone to see Tabitha dip,
 But they turn’d at a corner and gave me the slip,
 Yet in searching about I had better success,
 For I got to a place where the ladies undress :
 Thinks I to myself, they are after some fun,
 And I’ll see what they’re doing, as sure as a
 gun :

So I peep’d at the door, and I saw a great mat
 That cover’d the table, and got under that,
 And laid myself down there as snug and as still,
 (As a body may say) like a thief in a mill :
 And of all the fine sights I have seen, my dear
 mother,
 I never expect to behold such another :

How the ladies did giggle and set up their clacks,
 All the while an old woman was rubbing their
 backs !

Oh 'twas pretty to see them all put on their
 flannels,

And then take the water like so many spaniels ;
 And tho' all the while it grew hotter and hotter,
 They swam, just if they were hunting an otter.

'Twas a glorious sight to behold the fair sex

All wading with gentlemen up to their necks,

And view them so prettily tumble and sprawl

In a great smoking kettle as big as our hall :

And to-day, many persons of rank and condition

Were boil'd by command of an able physician :

Dean Spavin, Dean Mangey, and Doctor De's-
 quirt,

Were all sent from Cambridge to rub off their
 dirt ;

Judge Bane, and the worthy old Counsellor
Pest,

Join'd issue at once, and went in with the rest ;
And this they all said was exceedingly good
For strength'ning the spirits and mending the
blood.

It pleas'd me to see how they all were inclin'd
To lengthen their lives for the good of mankind ;
For I ne'er would believe that a bishop or judge
Can fancy old Satan may owe him a grudge ;
Tho' some think the lawyer may choose to *de-*
mur ;

And the priest till another occasion *defer* ;
And both to be better prepar'd for herea'ter,
Take a smack of the brimstone contain'd in the
water.

But, what is surprising, no mortal e'er view'd
Any one of the physical gentlemen stew'd ;

Since the day that king Bladud * first found out
these bogs,

And thought them so good for himself and his
hogs,

Not one of the faculty ever has try'd

These excellent waters to cure his own hide ;

Tho' many a skilful and learned physician,

With candour, good sense, and profound erudi-
tion,

Obliges the world with the fruits of his brain,

Their nature and hidden effects to explain.

Thus Chiron advis'd Madam Thetis to take

And dip her poor child in the Stygian lake,

But the worthy old doctor was not such an elf

As ever to venture his carcase himself.

So Jason's good wife us'd to set on a pot,

And put in at once all the patients she got,

* Vide Old Bath Guide.

But thought it sufficient to give her direction,
 Without being coddled, to mend her complexion :
 And I never have heard that she wrote any treatise

To tell what the virtue of water and heat is.
 You cannot conceive what a number of ladies
 Were wash'd in the water the same as our maid is :
 Old Baron Vanteazer, a man of great wealth,
 Brought his lady the Baroness here for her health ;
 The Baroness bathes, and she says that her case
 Has been hit to a hair, and is mending apace :
 And this is a point all the learned agree on,
 The Baron has met with the fate of Acteon ;
 Who, while he peep'd into the bath, had the luck
 To find himself suddenly chang'd to a buck.
 Miss Scratchit went in, and the Countess of Scales,
 Both ladies of very great fashion in Wales ;

Then all on a sudden two persons of worth,
 My Lady Pandora Macscurvy came forth,
 With General Sulphur arriv'd from the North.
 So Tabby, you see, had the honour of washing
 With folks of distinction, and very high fashion;
 But in spite of good company, poor little soul,
 She shook both her ears like a mouse in a bowl.

Ods-bobs! how delighted I was unawares
 With the fiddles I heard in the room above stairs;
 For music is wholesome, the doctors all think,
 For ladies that bathe, and for ladies that drink;
 And that's the opinion of Robin our driver,
 Who whistles his nags while they stand at the
 river;

They say it is right that for every glass
 A tune you should take, that the water may pass,

So while little Tabby was washing her rump,
The ladies kept drinking it out of a pump.

I've a deal more to say, but am loth to intrude
On your time, my dear mother, so now I'll conclude.

S— B—N—R—D.

BATH, 1766.

LETTER VII.

MR. SIMKIN B—N—R—D TO LADY B—N—R—D,
AT —— HALL, NORTH.

A Panegyric on Bath, and a Moravian Hymn.

OF all the gay places the world can afford,
By gentle and simple for pastime ador'd,
Fine balls, and fine concerts, fine buildings, and
springs,
Fine walks, and fine views, and a thousand fine
things,
(Not to mention the sweet situation and air)
What place, my dear mother, with Bath can com-
pare?
Let Bristol for commerce and dirt be renown'd,
At Sal'sbury pen-knives and scissars be ground;

F.

The towns of Devizes, of Bradford, and Frome,
 May boast that they better can manage the loom;
 I believe that they may ;—but the world to refine
 In manners, in dress, in politeness to shine,
 O Bath! let the art, let the glory be thine.
 I'm sure I have travell'd our county all o'er,
 And ne'er was so civilly treated before ;
 Would you think, my dear mother, (without the
 least hint

That we all should be glad of appearing in print)
 The news-writers here were so kind as to give all
 The world an account of our happy arrival?—
 You scarce can imagine what numbers I've met,
 (Tho' to me they are perfectly strangers as yet)
 Who all with address and civility came,
 And seem'd vastly proud of *subscribing* our name.
 Young Timothy Canvass is charm'd with the place,
 Who, I hear, is come hither, his fibres to brace ;

Poor man ! at th' election he threw, t'other day,
 All his victuals, and liquor, and money away ;
 And some people think with such haste he began,
 That soon he the constable greatly outran,
 And is qualified now for a parliament-man :
 Goes every day to the coffee-house, where
 The wits and the great politicians repair ;
 Harangues on the funds, and the state of the nation,
 And plans a good speech for an administration,
 In hopes of a place, which he thinks he deserves,
 As the love of his country has ruin'd his nerves.—
 Our neighbour, Sir Easterlin Widgeon, has sworn
 He ne'er will return to his bogs any more ;
 The Thicksculls are settled ; we've had invitations
 With a great many more on the score of relations :
 The Loungers are come too.—Old Stucco has just
 sent

His plan for a house to be built in the Crescent ;

'Twill soon be complete, and they say all their work
Is as strong as St. Paul's, or the minster at York.
Don't you think 'twould be better to lease our
estate,

And buy a good house here before 'tis too late?
You never can go, my dear mother, where you
So much have to see, and so little to do.

I write this in haste, for the Captain is come,
And so kind as to go with us all to the Room;
But be sure by the very next post you shall hear
Of all I've the pleasure of meeting with there:
For I scribble my verse with a great deal of ease,
And can send you a letter whenever I please:
And while at this place I've the honour to stay,
I think I can never want something to say,
But now, my dear mother, &c. &c. &c.

S — B — N — R — D.

BATH, 1766.

POSTSCRIPT.

I'm sorry to find at the city of Bath,
 Many folks are uneasy concerning their faith :
 Nicodemus, the preacher, strives all he can do
 To quiet the conscience of good sister Prue ;
 But Tabby from scruples of mind is releas'd
 Since she met with a learned Moravian priest,
 Who says, *There is neither transgression nor sin ;*
 A doctrine that brings many customers in.
 She thinks this the prettiest ode upon earth,
 Which he made on his infant that dy'd in the birth.

ODE *.

Chicken blessed
 And caressed,

* The learned Moravian has pirated this Ode from Count Zinzen-
 dorf's Book of Hymns. Vide H. 33.

Little bee on Jesu's breast!

From the hurry

And the flurry

Of the earth thou'rt now at rest.

LETTER VIII.

MR. SIMKIN B—N—R—D TO LADY B—N—R—D,
AT ——— HALL, NORTH.

Mr. B—n—r—d goes to the Rooms. His opinion of Gaming.

FROM the earliest ages, dear mother, till now,
All statesmen and great politicians allow
That nothing advances the good of a nation,
Like giving all money a free circulation :
This question from members of parliament draws
Many speeches that meet universal applause ;
And if ever, dear mother, I live to be one,
I'll speak on this subject as sure as a gun :
For Bath will I speak, and I'll make an oration
Shall obtain me the freedom of this corporation ;

I have no kind of doubt but the Speaker will beg
All the members to *hear* when I set out my leg.

“ Circulation of Cash—circulation decay’d—

“ Is at once the destruction and ruin of trade ;

“ Circulation—I say—circulation it is,

“ Gives life to commercial countries like this :”

What thanks to the city of Bath then are due

From all who this patriot maxim pursue !

For in no place whatever that national good

Is practis’d so well, and so well understood.

What infinite merit and praise does she claim in

Her ways and her means for promoting of *gaming* !

And *gaming*, no doubt, is of infinite use

That same circulation of cash to produce.

What true public-spirited people are here,

Who for that very purpose come every year !

All eminent men, who no trade ever knew

But *gaming*, the only good trade to pursue ;

All other professions are subject to fail,
 But *gaming's* a bus'ness will ever prevail;
 Besides, 'tis the only good way to commence
 An acquaintance with all men of spirit and sense;
 We may grub on without it thro' life, I suppose,
 But then 'tis with people—*that nobody knows*.
 We ne'er can expect to be rich, wise, or great,
 Or look'd upon fit for employments of state:
 'Tis your men of fine heads, and of nice calculations,
 That afford so much service to administrations,
 Who by frequent experience know how to devise
 The speediest methods of raising supplies:
 'Tis such men as these, men of honour and worth,
 That challenge respect from all persons of birth;
 And is it not right they should all be carest,
 When they're all so polite, and so very well drest,
 When they circulate freely the money they've won,
 And wear a lac'd coat, tho' their fathers wore
 none?

Our trade is encourag'd as much, if not more,
 By the tender soft sex I shall ever adore ;
 But their husbands, those brutes, have been known
 to complain,
 And swear they will never set foot here again.—

Ye wretches ingrate ! to find fault with your
 wives,
 The comfort, the solace, and joy of your lives ;
 Oh ! that women, whose price is so far above rubies,
 Should fall to the lot of such ignorant boobies !
 Does n't Solomon speak of such women with rap-
 ture,
 In verse his eleventh, and thirty-first chapter ?
 And surely that wise king of Israel knew
 What belong'd to a woman much better than you !
 He says, " if you find out a virtuous wife,
 " She will do a man good all the days of her life ;

“ She deals like a merchant, she sitteth up late.”

And you’ll find it is written in verse twenty-eight,

“ Her husband is sure to be known at the gate.

“ He never hath need or occasion for spoil,

“ When his wife is much better employ’d all the
while ;

“ She seeketh fine wool, and fine linen she buys,

“ And is clothed in purple and scarlet likewise.”

Now pray don’t your wives do the very same thing,

And follow th’ advice of that worthy old king ?

Do they spare for expences themselves in adorning ?

Don’t they go about buying fine things all the
morning ?

And at cards all the night take the trouble to play,

To get back the money they spent in the day ?

And sure there’s no sort of occasion to shew

Ye are known at the gate, or wherever ye go.

Pray are not your ladies at Bath better plac'd
 Than the wife of a king, who herself so disgrac'd,
 And at Ithaca liv'd in *such very bad taste*?

Poor soul! while her husband thought proper to
 leave her,

She slav'd all the day like a Spitalfields weaver,
 And then, like a fool, when her web was half spun,
 Pull'd to pieces at night all the work she had done:
 But these to their husbands more profit can yield,
 And are much like a lily that grows in the field;
 They toil not indeed, nor indeed do they spin,
 Yet they never are idle when once they begin,
 But are very intent on increasing their store,
 And always keep shuffling and cutting for more:
 Industrious creatures! that make it a rule
 To secure half the fish, while they *manage* the pool;
 So they win, to be sure; but I very much wonder
 Why they put so much money the candlestick under;

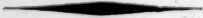
For up comes a man on a sudden, slapdash,
 Snuffs the candles, and carries away all the cash:
 And as nobody troubles their heads any more,
 I'm in very great hopes that it goes to the poor.—
 Methinks I should like to excel in a trade
 By which such a number their fortunes have made.
 I've heard of a wise, philosophical Jew,
 That shuffles the cards in a manner that's new;
 One Jonas, I think:—And could wish for the future
 To have that illustrious sage for my tutor;
 And the Captain, whose kindness I ne'er can forget,
 Will teach me a game that he calls Lansquenet.
 So I soon shall acquaint you what money I've won;
 In the mean time I rest your most dutiful son,

S——B——N——R——D.

BATH, 1766.

END OF THE FIRST PART.

THE
NEW BATH GUIDE.



PART THE SECOND.





PART THE SECOND.

LETTER IX.

MISS JENNY W—D—R TO LADY ELIZ. M—D—SS,
AT ——— CASTLE, NORTH.

A JOURNAL.

To humbler strains, ye Nine, descend,
And greet my poor sequester'd friend.
Not odes with rapid eagle flight,
That soar above all human sight,
Not Fancy's fair and fertile field,
To all the same delight can yield.

F

But come, Calliope, and say
 How pleasure wastes the various day :
 Whether thou art wont to rove
 By Parade, or Orange Grove,
 Or to breathe a purer air
 In the Circus or the Square ;
 Wheresoever be thy path,
 Tell, O tell the joys of Bath.

Ev'ry morning, ev'ry night,
 Gayest scenes of fresh delight ;
 When Aurora sheds her beams,
 Wak'd from soft Elysian dreams,
 Music calls me to the spring,
 Which can health and spirits bring :
 There Hygeia, goddess, pours
 Blessings from her various stores ;
 Let me to her altars haste,
 Tho' I ne'er the waters taste,

Near the pump to take my stand,
 With a nosegay in my hand,
 And to hear the Captain say,
 "How d'ye do, dear Miss, to-day?"
 The Captain;—Now you'll say, my dear,
 Methinks I long his name to hear:—
 Why then—but don't you tell my aunt,
 The Captain's name is Cormorant:
 But hereafter, you must know,
 I shall call him Romeo,
 And your friend, dear lady Bet,
 Jenny no more, but Juliet.

O ye guardian spirits fair,
 All who make true love your care,
 May I oft my Romeo meet,
 Oft enjoy his converse sweet;
 I alone his thoughts employ,
 Through each various scene of joy!

Lo! where all the jocund throng
 From the pump-room hastes along,
 To the breakfast all invited
 By Sir Toby, lately knighted.
 See, with joy my Romeo comes!
 He conducts me to the Rooms;
 There he whispers, not unseen,
 Tender tales behind the screen;
 While his eyes are fix'd on mine,
 See each nymph with envy pine,
 And, with looks of forc'd disdain,
 Smile contempt, but sigh in vain!

O the charming parties made!
 Some to walk the South Parade,
 Some to Lincomb's shady groves,
 Or to Simpson's proud alcoves;
 Some for chapel trip away,
 Then take places for the play;

Or we walk about in pattens,
 Buying gauzes, cheap'ning satins:
 Or to Painter's we repair,
 Meet Sir Peregrine Hatchet there,
 Pleas'd the artist's skill to trace
 In his dear Miss Gorgon's face:
 Happy pair! who fix'd as fate
 For the sweet connubial state,
 Smile in canvass *tête à tête*.
 If the weather, cold and chill,
 Calls us all to Mr. Gill,
 Romeo hands to me the jelly,
 Or the soup of Vermicelli:
 If at Toyshop I step in,
 He presents a di'mond pin;
 Sweetest token I can wear,
 Which at once may grace my hair,
 And, in witness of my flame,
 Teach the glass to bear his name:

See him turn each trinket over,
 If for me he can discover
 Aught his passion to reveal,
 Emblematic ring or seal,
 Cupid whetting pointed darts,
 For a pair of tender hearts;
 Hymen lighting sacred fires,
 Types of chaste and fond desires.
 Thus enjoy we ev'ry blessing;
 Till the toilet calls to dressing:
 Where's my garnet, cap and sprig?
 Send for Singe to dress my wig;
 Bring my silver'd mazarine,
 Sweetest gown that e'er was seen:
 Tabitha, put on my ruff;
 Where's my dear delightful muff?
 Muff, my faithful Romeo's present!
 Tippet too from tail of pheasant!

Muff from downy breast of swan!

O the dear enchanting man!

Muff that makes me think how Jove

Flew to Leda from above—

Muff that—Tabby, see who rapt then.

“ Madam, Madam, ’tis the Captain!”

Sure his voice I hear below,

’Tis, it is my Romeo!

Shape and gait, and careless air,

Di’mond ring, and solitaire,

Birth and fashion all declare.

How his eyes, that gently roll,

Speak the language of his soul!

See the dimple on his cheek,

See him smile and sweetly speak :

“ Lovely nymph, at your command,

“ I have something in my hand,

“ Which I hope you’ll not refuse,

“ ’Twill us both at night amuse :

“ What tho’ Lady Whisker crave it,

“ And Miss Badger longs to have it ?

“ ’Tis, by Jupiter I swear,

“ ’Tis for you alone, my dear :

“ See this ticket, gentle maid,

“ At your feet an offering laid :

“ Thee the loves and graces call

“ To a little private ball :

“ And to play I bid adieu,

“ Hazard, lansquenet, and loo,

“ Fairest nymph, to dance with you.”

—I with joy accept his ticket,

And upon my bosom stick it :

Well I know how Romeo dances,

With what air he first advances,

With what grace his gloves he draws on,

Claps, and calls up Nancy Dawson ;

Me thro’ every dance conducting,

And the music oft instructing ;

See him tap, the time to shew,
 With his light fantastic toe;
 Skill'd in ev'ry art to please,
 From the fan to waft the breeze,
 Or his bottle to produce,
 Fill'd with pungent *Eau de Luce*.—
 Wonder not, my friend, I go
 To the ball with Romeo.

Such delights if thou canst give,
 Bath, at thee I choose to live.

J—— W——D——R.

BATH, 1766.

POSTSCRIPT.

Enclos'd you'll find some lines, my dear,
 Made by a hungry poet here,

A happy bard, who rhymes and eats,
And lives by uttering quaint conceits ;
Yet thinks to him alone belong
The laurels due to modern song.

SONG.

A CHARGE TO THE POETS.

Written at Mr. GILL's, an eminent Cook at Bath.

Οὐ πρὸ σπαντὸς ἐστὶν ἀρτυροὶ καλῶς. Frag. Vet. Poet.

YE bards who sing the hero's praise,

Or lass's of the mill,

[*Fortc.*

A loftier theme invites your lays,

Come tune your lyres to Gill.

Of all the cooks the world can boast,

However great their skill,

To bake, or fry, to boil, or roast,

There's none like Master Gill.

Sweet rhyming troop, no longer stoop
 To drink Castalia's rill;
 Whene'er ye droop, O taste the soup
 That's made by Master Gill.

O taste this soup, for which the fair,
 When hungry, cold, and chill,
 Forsake the Circus and the Square
 To eat with Master Gill.

'Tis this that makes my Chloe's lips
 Ambrosial sweets distil; [*Affettuoso.*
 For leeks and cabbage oft she sips
 In soup that's made by Gill.

Immortal bards, view here your wit,
 The labours of your quill,
 To singe the fowl upon the spit
 Condemn'd by Master Gill.

My humble verse that fate will meet,
 Nor shall I take it ill;
 But grant, ye gods! that I may eat
 That fowl, when drest by Gill.

These are your true poetic fires
 That drest this sav'ry grill;
 E'en while I eat, the Muse inspires,
 And tunes my voice to Gill.

When C—— strikes the vocal lyre,
 Sweet Lydian measures thrill;
 But I the gridir'n more admire,
 When tun'd by Master Gill.

"Come, take my sage of ancient use,"
 Cries learned Doctor H—ll:
 "But what's the sage without the goose?"
 Replies my Master Gill.

He who would fortify his mind,

His belly first should fill ; [*Forte.*

Roast beef 'gainst terrors best you'll find ;

“ *The Greeks knew this,*” says Gill.

Your spirits and your blood to stir,

Old Galen gives a pill ;

But I the forc'd-meat ball prefer,

Prepar'd by Master Gill.

While he so well can broil and bake,

I'll promise and fulfil,

No other physic e'er to take

Than what's prescrib'd by Gill.

Your bard has liv'd at Bath so long, [*Piano.*

He dreads to see your bill—

Instead of cash accept this song, [*Pianissimo.*

My worthy Master Gill.

LETTER X.

MR. SIMKIN B—N—R—D TO LADY B—N—R—D,
AT ——— HALL, NORTH.

Taste and Spirit.—Mr. B—n—r—d commences a Beau Garçon.

So lively, so gay, my dear mother, I'm grown,
I long to do something to make myself known;
For persons of *taste* and true *spirit*, I find,
Are fond of attracting the eyes of mankind:
What numbers one sees, who, for that very reason,
Come to make such a figure at Bath ev'ry season!
'Tis this that provokes Mrs. Shenkin Ap-Leek
To dine at the ord'nary twice in a week,

Tho' at home she might eat a good dinner in comfort,

Nor pay such a cursed extravagant sum for't:
 But then her acquaintance would never have known
 Mrs. Shenkin Ap-Leek had acquir'd the *bon ton*;
 Ne'er shewn how in taste the Ap-Leeks can excel
 The Duchess of Truffles, and Lady Morell;
 Had ne'er been ador'd by Sir Pye Macaroni,
 And Count Vermicelli, his intimate crony;
 Both men of such *taste*, their opinions are taken
 From an ortolan down to a rasher of bacon.

What makes Kitty Spicer, and little Miss Sago,
 To auctions and milliners shops ev'ry day go?
 What makes them to vie with each other, and
 quarrel
 Which spends the most money for splendid apparel?

Why, *Spirit*—to shew they have much better sense,
 Than their fathers, who rais'd it by shillings and
 pence.

What sends Peter Tewksbury every night
 To the play with such infinite joy and delight?
 Why, Peter's a critic, with true Attic salt,
 Can damn the performers, can hiss, and find fault,
 And tell when we ought to express approbation,
 By thumping and clapping, and vociferation;
 So he gains our attention, and all must admire
 Young Tewksbury's judgment, his *spirit* and fire.
 But Jack Dilettante despises the play'rs,
 To concerts and musical parties repairs;
 With benefit tickets his pockets he fills,
 Like a mountebank doctor distributes his bills;
 And thus his importance and interest shows,
 By conferring his favours wherever he goes:
 He's extremely polite both to me and my cousin,
 For he often desires us to take off a dozen;

He has taste, without doubt, and a delicate ear,
 No vile oratorios ever could bear;
 But talks of the op'ras and his Signiora,
 Cries *bravo, benissimo, bravo, ancora!*
 And oft is so kind as to thrust in a note
 While old Lady Cuckow is straining her throat,
 Or little Miss Wren, who's an excellent singer;
 Then he points to the notes, with a ring on his
 finger:
 And shews her the crotchet, the quaver, and bar,
 All the time that she warbles and plays the *guitar*;
 Yet, I think, though she's at it from morning till
 noon,
 Her queer little thingumbob's never in tune.
 Thank Heaven! of late, my dear mother, my face is
 Not a little regarded at all public places:
 For I ride in a chair, with my hands in a muff,
 And have bought a silk coat, and embroider'd the
 cuff;

But the weather was cold, and the coat it was thin,
 So the taylor advis'd me to line it with skin:
 But what with my Nivernois' hat can compare,
 Bag-wig, and lac'd ruffles, and black solitaire?
 And what can a man of true fashion denote,
 Like an ell of good ribbon ty'd under the throat?
 My buckles and box are in exquisite taste,
 The one is of paper, the other of paste :
 And sure no Camayeu was ever yet seen
 Like that which I purchas'd at Wicksted's machine:
 My stockings, of silk, are just come from the hosier,
 For to-night I'm to dance with the charming Miss

Tozier :

So I'd have them to know, when I go to the ball,
 I shall show as much *taste* as the best of them all:
 For a man of great fashion was heard to declare
 He never beheld so engaging an air.

And swears all the world must my judgment confess,
 My *solidity, sense, understanding* in dress;
 My manners so form'd, and my wig so well curl'd,
 I look like a man *of the very first world*:
 But my person and figure you'll best understand
 From the picture I've sent, by an eminent hand:
 Show it young Lady Betty, by way of endearance,
 And to give her a spice of my mien and appearance.
 Excuse any more, I'm in haste to depart,
 For a dance is the thing that I love at my heart,
 So now, my dear mother, &c. &c. &c.

S ——— B — N — R — D.

BATH, 1766.

LETTER XI.

MR. SIMKIN B—N—R—D TO LADY B—N—R—D,
AT ——— HALL, NORTH.

A Description of the Ball, with an Episode on Beau Nash.

WHAT joy at the ball, what delight have I found,
By all the bright circle encompass'd around!
Each moment with transport my bosom felt warm,
For what, my dear mother, like beauty can charm?
The remembrance alone, while their praise I re-
hearse,
Gives life to my numbers, and strength to my verse:
Then allow for the rapture the Muses inspire,
Such themes call aloud for poetical fire.
I've read how the Goddesses meet all above,
And throng the immortal assemblies of Jove,
When join'd with the Graces fair Venus appears,
Ambrosial sweet odours perfume all the spheres:

But the Goddess of Love, and the Graces and all,
 Must yield to the beauties I've seen at the ball;
 For Jove never felt such a joy at his heart,
 Such a heat as these charming sweet creatures im-
 part.

In short—there is something in very fine women,
 When they meet all together—that's quite over-
 coming.

Then say, O ye nymphs, that inhabit the shades
 Of Pindus' sweet banks, Heliconian maids,
 Celestial Muses, ye powers divine,
 O, say, for your memory's better than mine,
 What troops of fair virgins assembled around,
 What squadrons of heroes for dancing renown'd,
 Were rous'd by the fiddles' harmonious sound.
 What goddess shall first be the theme of my song
 Whose name the clear Avon may murmur along,
 And echo repeat all the vallies among!

If some people think that her mouth be too wide,
Miss Towzer has numberless beauties beside;
A countenance noble, with sweet pouting lips,
And a delicate shape from her waist to her hips;
Besides a prodigious rough black head of hair,
All frizzled and curl'd o'er her neck that is bare :
I've seen the sweet creature but once I confess,
But her air and her manner, and pleasing address,
All made me feel something I ne'er can express.

But lo! on a sudden what multitudes pour
 From Cambrian mountains, from Indian shore;
 Bright maidens, bright widows, and fortunate
 swains,

Who cultivate Liffy's sweet borders and plains,
 And they who their flocks in fair Albion feed,
 Rich flocks and rich herds, (so the gods have de-
 creed)

Since they quitted the pleasanter banks of the
 Tweed.

Yet here no confusion, no tumult is known,
 Fair order and beauty establish their throne;
 For order, and beauty, and just regulation,
 Support all the works of this ample creation.
 For this, in compassion to mortals below,
 The gods, their peculiar favour to show,
 Sent Hermes to Bath in the shape of a Beau:
 That grandson of Atlas came down from above
 To bless all the regions of pleasure and love;

To lead the fair nymph thro' the various maze,
 Bright beauty to marshal, his glory and praise;
 To govern, improve, and adorn the gay scene,
 By the Graces instructed, and Cyprian queen:
 As when in a garden delightful and gay,
 Where Flora is wont all her charms to display,
 The sweet hyacinthus with pleasure we view
 Contend with narcissus in delicate hue;
 The gard'ner industrious trims out his border,
 Puts each odoriferous plant in its order;
 The myrtle he ranges, the rose and the lily,
 With iris, and crocus, and daffa down-dilly;
 Sweet peas and sweet oranges all he disposes
 At once to regale both your eyes and your noses:
 Long reign'd the great Nash, this omnipotent Lord,
 Respected by youth, and by parents ador'd;
 For him not enough at a ball to preside,
 The unwary and beautiful nymph would he guide;

Oft tell her a tale, how the credulous maid
 By man, by perfidious man, is betray'd;
 Taught Charity's band to relieve the distress,
 While tears have his tender compassion express.
 But alas! he is gone, and the city can tell
 How in years and in glory lamented he fell:
 Him mourn'd all the Dryads on Claverton's mount;
 Him Avon deplor'd, him the nymph of the Fount,
 The crystalline streams.
 Then perish his picture, his statue decay,
 A tribute more lasting the Muses shall pay.
 If true what philosophers all will assure us,
 Who dissent from the doctrine of great Epicurus,
 That the spirit's immortal: as poets allow,
 If life's occupations are follow'd below:
 In reward of his labours, his virtue and pains,
 He is footing it now in th' Elysian plains,
 Indulg'd, as a token of Proserpine's favour,
 To preside at her balls in a cream-colour'd beaver.

Then peace to his ashes—our grief be suppress,
 Since we find such a phœnix has sprung from his
 nest :

Kind Heaven has sent us another professor,
 Who follows the steps of his great predecessor.

But hark ! now they strike the melodious string,
 The vaulted roof echoes, the mansions all ring;
 At the sound of the hautboy, the bass and the fiddle,
 Sir Boreas Blubber steps forth in the middle,
 Like a holy-hock, noble, majestic, and tall,
 Sir Boreas Blubber first opens the ball:
 Sir Boreas, great in the minuet known,
 Since the day that for dancing his talents were
 shown,
 Where the science is practis'd by gentlemen grown,
 For in every science, in ev'ry profession,
 We make the best progress at years of discretion.

How he puts on his hat, with a smile on his face,
And delivers his hand with an exquisite grace!
How gently he offers Miss Carrot before us,
Miss Carrot Fitz-Oozer, a niece of Lord Porus!
How nimbly he paces, how active and light!
One never can judge of a man at first sight;
But as near as I guess, from the size of his calf,
He may weigh about twenty-three stone and a half.
Now why should I mention a hundred or more,
Who went the same circle as others before,
To a tune that they play'd us a hundred times o'er?
See little Bob Jerom, old Chrysostom's son,
With a chitterlin shirt, and a buckle of stone,--
What a cropt head of hair the young parson has on!
Emerg'd from his grizzle, th' unfortunate prig
Seems as if he was hunting all night for his wig;
Not perfectly pleas'd with the coat on his back,
Tho' the coat's a good coat, but, alas, it is black!

With envious eyes he is doom'd to behold
 The Captain's red suit that's embroider'd with gold!
 How seldom mankind are content with their lot!
 Bob Jerom two very good livings has got :
 Yet still he accuses his parents deceas'd,
 For making a man of such spirit a priest.
 Not so Master Marmozet, sweet little boy,
 Mrs. Dangleclub's hopes, her delight and her joy :
 His pigeon-wing'd head was not drest quite so soon,
 For it took up a barber the whole afternoon ;
 His jacket's well lac'd, and the ladies protest
 Master Marmozet dances as well as the best :
 Yet some think the boy would be better at school ;
 But I hear Mrs. Dangleclub's not such a fool
 To send a poor thing with a spirit so meek,
 To be flogg'd by a tyrant for Latin and Greek ;
 For why should a child of distinction and fashion
 Lay a heap of such silly nonsensical trash in ?

She wonders that parents to Eton should send
 Five hundred great boobies their manners to mend,
 When the master that left it (tho' no one objects
 To his care of the boys in all other respects)
 Was extremely remiss, for a sensible man,
 In never contriving some elegant plan
 For improving their persons, and shewing them how
 To hold up their heads, and to make a good bow,
 When they've got such a charming long room for
 a ball,
 Where the scholars might practise, and masters
 and all :
 But, what is much worse, what no parent would
 choose,
 He burnt all their ruffles, and cut off their queues :
 So he quitted the school with the utmost disgrace,
 And just such another's come into his place.
 She says that her son will his fortune advance,
 By learning so early to fiddle and dance ;

So she brings him to Bath, which I think is quite
right,

For they do nothing else here from morning till night;

And this is a lesson all parents should know,

To train up a child in the way he should go:

For, as Solomon says, you may safely uphold,

He ne'er will depart from the same when he's old.

No doubt she's a woman of fine understanding,

Her air and her presence there's something so
grand in;

So wise and discreet; and, to give her her due,

Dear mother, she's just such a woman as you.

But who is that bombazine lady so gay,

So profuse of her beauties, in sable array?

How she rests on her heel, how she turns out her toe,

How she pulls down her stays, with her head up,
to show

Her lily-white bosom that rivels the snow!

'Tis the widow Quicklackit, whose husband last
week,

Poor Stephen, went suddenly forth in a pique,
And push'd off his boat for the Stygian creek.

Poor Stephen! he never return'd from the bourn,
But left the disconsolate widow to mourn:

Three times did she faint when she heard of the
news;

Six days did she weep, and all comfort refuse;
But Stephen, no sorrow, no tears can recall:
So she hallows the seventh, and comes to the ball.

For music, sweet music, has charms to controul,
And tune up each passion that ruffles the soul!
What things have I read, and what stories been told
Of feats that were done by musicians of old!
I've heard a whole city was built from the ground
By magical numbers, and musical sound;

And here it can build a good house in the Square,
Or raise up a church where the godly repair.

I saw, t'other day, in a *thing call'd an ode*,
As it lay in a snug little house on the road,
How Saul was restor'd, tho' his sorrow was sharp,
When David, the Bethlemite, play'd on the harp:
'Twas music that brought a man's wife from Old
Nick,

And at Bath has the pow'r to recover the sick :
Thus a lady was cur'd t'other day.—But 'tis time
To seal up my letter, and finish my rhyme.

S—B—N—R—D.

BATH, 1766.

LETTER XII.

MR. SIMKIN B—N—R—D TO LADY B—N—R—D,
AT ——— HALL, NORTH.

A modern Head-dress, with a little Polite Conversation.

WHAT base and unjust accusations we find
Arise from the malice and spleen of mankind!
One would hope, my dear mother, that scandal
would spare
The tender, the helpless, and delicate Fair;
But alas! the sweet creatures all find it the case
That Bath is a very censorious place.
Would you think that a person I met since I came
(I hope you'll excuse my concealing his name)

A splenetic ill-natur'd fellow, before
 A room-full of very good company, swore
 That, inspite of appearance, 'twas very well known,
 Their hair and their faces were none of their own;
 And thus without wit, or the least provocation,
 Began an impertinent formal oration:

“ Shall nature thus lavish her beauties in vain,

“ For art and nonsensical fashion to stain?

“ The fair Jezebella what art can adorn,

“ Whose cheeks are like roses that blush in the
 morn?

“ As bright were her locks as in heaven are seen

“ Presented for stars by th' Egyptian queen;

“ But, alas! the sweet nymph they no longer must

 “ deck,

“ No more shall they flow o'er her ivory neck;

“ Those tresses, which Venus might take as a

 “ favour,

“ Fall a victim at once to an outlandish shaver;

- “ Her head has he robb’d with as little remorse
“ As a fox-hunter crops both his dogs and his horse;
“ A wretch that, so far from repenting his theft,
“ Makes a boast of tormenting the little that’s left:
“ And first at her procupine head he begins
“ To fumble and poke with his irons and pins,
“ Then fires all his crackers with horrid grimace,
“ And puffs his vile Rocambol breath in her face,
“ Discharging a steam that the devil would choke,
“ From paper, pomatum, from powder, and smoke.
“ The patient submits, and with due resignation
“ Prepares for her fate in the next operation.
“ When lo! on a sudden, a monster appears,
“ A horrible monster, to cover her ears;—
“ What sign of the Zodiac is it he bears?
“ Is it Taurus’s tail, or the *tête de mouton*,
“ Or the *beard of the goat* that he dares to put on?

“ ’Tis a wig *en vergette*, that from Paris was
brought,

“ *Une tête comme il faut*, that the varlet has bought

“ Of a beggar, whose head he has shav’d for a groat;

“ Now fix’d to her head, does he frizzle and dab it;

“ ’Tis a foretop no more.—’Tis the skin of a rab-

“ bit.—

“ ’Tis a muff—’tis a thing that by all is confest

“ Is in colour and shape like a chaffinch’s nest.

“ O cease, ye fair virgins, such pains to employ,

“ The beauties of nature with paint to destroy;

“ See Venus lament, see the Loves and the Graces,

“ All pine at the injury done to your faces!

“ Ye have eyes, lips, and nose, but your heads are

no more

“ Than a doll’s that is plac’d at a milliner’s door.”

I'm asham'd to repeat what he said in the sequel,
 Aspersions so cruel as nothing can equal!

I declare I am shock'd such a fellow should vex,
 And spread all these lies of the innocent sex,
 For whom, while I live, I will make protestation
 I've the highest esteem and profound veneration:
 I never so strange an opinion will harbour,
 That they buy all the hair they have got of a
 barber ;

Nor ever believe that such beautiful creatures
 Can have any delight in abusing their features:
 One thing tho' I wonder at much, I confess, is
 Th' appearance they make in their different dresses,
 For indeed they look very much like apparitions
 When they come in the morning to hear the mu-
 sicians,

And some I am apt to mistake, at first sight,
 For the mothers of those I have seen over-night:

It shocks me to see them look paler than ashes,
 And as dead in the eye as the busto of Nash is,
 Who the evening before were so blooming and
 plump :

—I'm griev'd to the heart when I go to the pump:
 For I take ev'ry morning a sup at the water,
 Just to hear what is passing, and see what they're
 a'ter ;

For I'm told the discourses of persons refin'd
 Are better than books for improving the mind ;
 But a great deal of judgment's requir'd in skim-
 ming

The polite conversation of sensible women ;
 For they come to the pump, as before I was saying,
 And talk all at once while the music is playing !

“ Your servant, Miss Fitchet.” “ Good morning,

“ Miss Stote.”

“ My dear Lady Riggledum, how is your throat ?

" Your ladyship knows that I sent you a scrall,
 " Last night to attend at your ladyship's call,
 " But I hear that your ladyship went to the ball."
 " —Oh Fitchet—don't ask me—good heavens
 " preserve—

" I wish there was no such a thing as a nerve;
 " Half dead all the night, I protest and declare;
 " My dear little Fitchet, who dresses your hair?
 " You'll come to the rooms, all the world will be
 " there.

" Sir Toby M'Negus is going to settle
 " His tea-drinking night with Sir Philip O'Kettle.
 " I hear that they both have appointed the same;
 " The majority think that Sir Philip's to blame;
 " I hope they won't quarrel, they're both in a flame:
 " Sir Toby M'Negus much spirit has got,
 " And Sir Philip O'Kettle is apt to be hot."—

“ Have you read the Bath Guide, that ridiculous poem ?

“ What a scurrilous author ! does nobody know him ?”

“ Young Billy Penwaggle, and Simius Chatter,

“ Declare ’tis an ill-natur’d half-witted satire.”

“ You know I’m engag’d, my dear creature, with
“ you,

“ And Mrs. Pamtickles, this morning at Loo ;

“ Poor thing ! tho’ she hobbled last night to the ball,

“ To-day she’s so lame that she hardly can crawl ;

“ Major Lignum has trod on the first joint of her
“ toe—

“ That thing they play’d last was a charming con-
“ certo ;

“ I don’t recollect I have heard it before ;

“ The minuet’s good, but the jig I adore ;

“ Pray speak to Sir Toby to cry out *encore*.”

Dear mother, I think this is excellent fun,
But if all I must write, I should never have done,
So myself I subscribe your most dutiful son.

S—B—N—R—D.

BATH, 1766.

LETTER XIII.

MR. SIMKIN B—N—R—D TO LADY B—N—R—D,
AT ——— HALL, NORTH.

A PUBLIC BREAKFAST.

Motives for the same.—A List of the Company.—A tender scene.—
An unfortunate incident.

WHAT blessings attend, my dear mother, all those
Who to crowds of admirers their persons expose!
Do the gods such a noble ambition inspire;
Or gods do we make of each ardent desire?
O generous passion! 'tis yours to afford
The splendid assembly, the plentiful board;
To thee do I owe such a breakfast this morn,
As I ne'er saw before since the hour I was born;

'Twas you made my Lord Ragamuffin come here,
 Who they say has been lately created a Peer,
 And to-day with extreme complaisance and respect
 ask'd

All the people at Bath to a general breakfast.

You've heard of my Lady Bunbutter, no doubt,
 How she loves an *assembly*, *fundango*, or *rout*;
 No lady in London is half so expert
 At a snug private party her friends to divert;
 But they say that, of late, she's grown sick of the
 town,

And often to Bath condescends to come down:
 Her ladyship's fav'rite house is the Bear;
 Her chariot, and servants, and horses are there.
 My Lady declares that *retiring* is good;
 As all with a separate maintenance should:
 For when you have put out the conjugal fire,
 'Tis time for all sensible folk to retire;

If Hymen no longer his fingers will scorch,
 Little Cupid for others can whip in his torch,
 So pert is he grown, since the custom began
 To be married and parted as quick as you can.

Now my Lord had the honour of coming down
 post,

To pay his respects to so famous a toast ;
 In hopes he her Ladyship's favour might win,
 By playing the part of a host at an inn.
 I'm sure he's a person of great resolution,
 Though delicate nerves, and a weak constitution ;
 For he carried us all to a place cross the river,
 And vow'd that the rooms were too hot for his liver :
 He said it would greatly our pleasure promote,
 If we all for Spring Gardens set out in a boat.
 I never as yet could his reason explain,
 Why we all sallied forth in the wind and the rain ;

For sure, such confusion was never yet known ;
 Here a cap and a hat, there a cardinal blown :
 While his Lordship, embroider'd and powder'd all
 o'er,

Was bowing, and handing the ladies ashore :
 How the misses did huddle and scuddle, and run ;
 One would think to be wet must be very good fun ;
 For by wagglng their tails, they all seem'd to take
 pains

To moisten their pinions like ducks when it rains ;
 And 'twas pretty to see how, like birds of a feather,
 The people of quality flock'd all together ;
 All pressing, addressing, caressing and fond,
 Just the same as those animals are in a pond.
 You've read all their names in the news, I suppose,
 But, for fear you have not, take the list as it goes :

There was Lady Greasewrister,
 And Madam Van-Twister,
 Her Ladyship's sister.

Lord Cram, and Lord Vulter,
 Sir Brandish O'Culter,
 With Marshal Carouzer,
 And Old Lady Mouzer,

And the great Hanoverian Baron Pansmowzer;
 Besides many others, who all in the rain went,
 On purpose to honour this great entertainment.
 The company made a most brilliant appearance,
 And ate bread and butter with great perseverance;
 All the Chocolate too, that my Lord set before 'em,
 The ladies dispatch'd with the utmost decorum.
 Soft musical numbers were heard all around,
 The horns and the clarions echoing sound :
 Sweet were the strains, as od'rous gales that blow
 O'er fragrant banks, where pinks and roses grow.
 The Peer was quite ravish'd, while close to his side
 Sat Lady Bunbutter, in beautiful pride!
 Oft turning his eyes, he with rapture survey'd
 All the powerful charms she so nobly display'd.

As when at the feast of the great Alexander,
Timotheus, the musical son of Thersander,
Breath'd heavenly measures ;

The prince was in pain,
And could not contain,
While Thais was sitting beside him ;
But, before all his peers,
Was for shaking the spheres,
Such goods the kind gods did provide him.

Grew bolder and bolder,
And cock'd up his shoulder,
Like the son of great Jupiter Ammon,
Till at length quite opprest,
He sunk on her breast,
And lay there as dead as a salmon.

O had I a voice that was stronger than steel,
 With twice fifty tongues to express what I feel,
 And as many good mouths, yet I never could utter
 All the speeches my Lord made to Lady Bunbutter!
 So polite all the time, that he ne'er touch'd a bit,
 While she ate up his rolls and applauded his wit:
 For they tell me that men of *true taste*, when they treat,
 Should talk a great deal, but they never should eat:
 And if that be the fashion, I never will give
 Any grand entertainment as long as I live;
 For I'm of opinion 'tis proper to cheer
 The stomach and bowels as well the ear.
 Nor me did the charming concerto of Abel
 Regale like the breakfast I saw on the table:
 I freely will own I the muffins preferr'd
 To all the genteel conversation I heard,
 E'en tho' I'd the honour of sitting between
 My Lady Stuff-damask and Peggy Moreen,
 Who both flew to Bath in the *nightly* machine.

Cries Peggy, "This place is enchantingly pretty;

" We never can see such a thing in the city :

" You may spend all your life-time in Cateaton-

" street,

" And never so civil a gentleman meet ;

" You may talk what you please ; you may search

" London through ;

" You may go to Carlisle's, and to Almanac's too ;

" And I'll give you my head if you find such a host,

" For coffee, tea, chocolate, butter, and toast :

" How he welcomes at once all the world and his

" wife,

" And how civil to folk he ne'er saw in his life !" —

" These horns, cries my Lady, so tickle one's ear,

" Lard ! what would I give that Sir Simon was here !

" To the next public breakfast Sir Simon shall go,

" For I find here are folks one may venture to

" know :

“ Sir Simon would gladly his Lordship attend,

“ And my Lord would be pleas'd with so cheerful

“ a friend.”

So when we had wasted more bread at a breakfast
Than the poor of our parish have ate for this week
past,

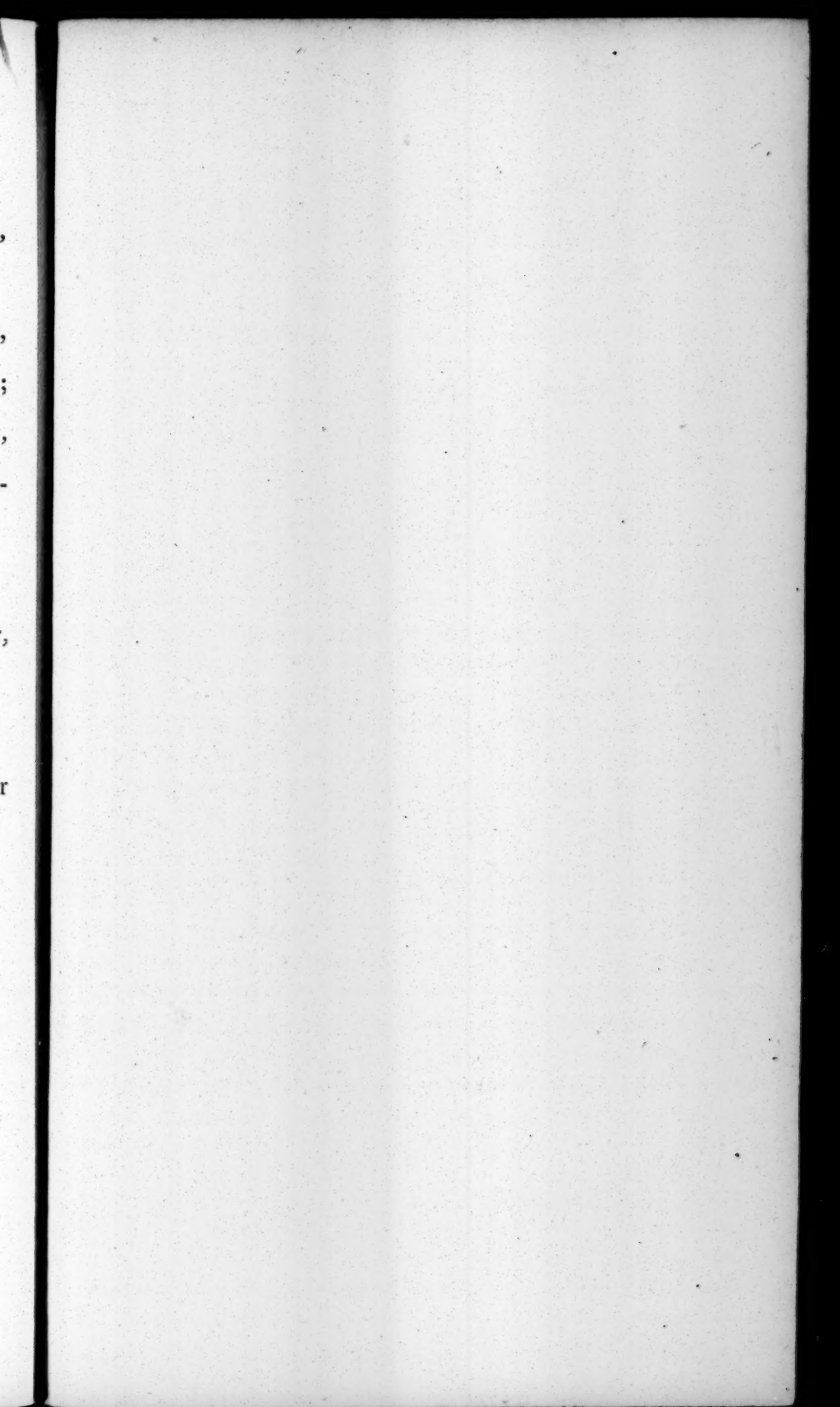
I saw, all at once, a prodigious great throng
Come bustling, and rustling, and jostling along ;
For his Lordship was pleas'd that the company now
To my Lady Bunbutter should curt'sey and bow ;
And my Lady was pleas'd too, and seem'd vastly
proud

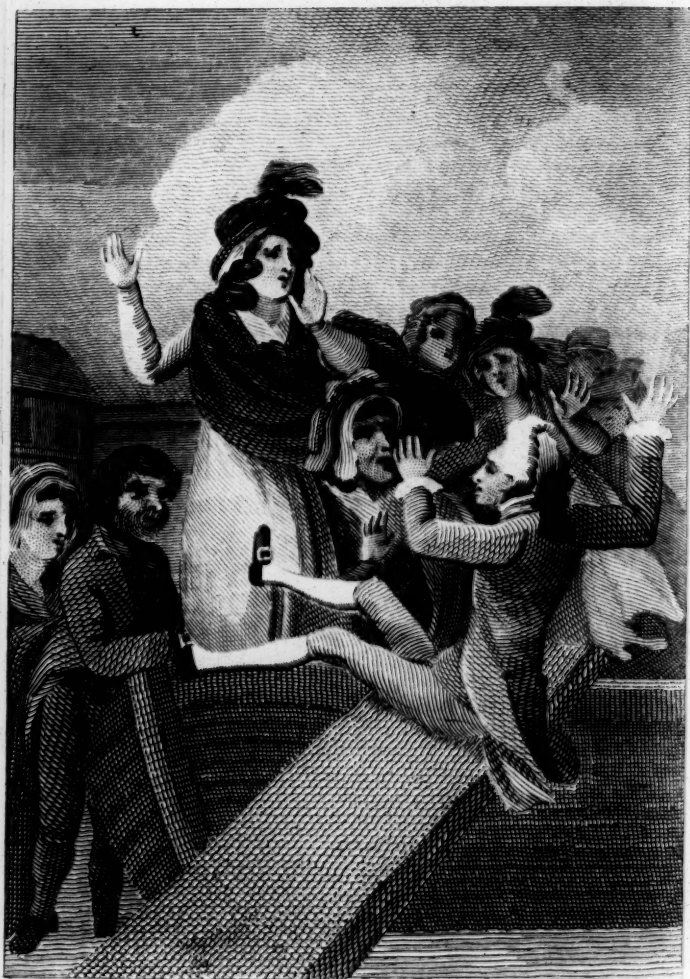
At once to receive all the thanks of a crowd :
And when, like Chaldeans, we all had ador'd
This beautiful image set up by my Lord,
Some few insignificant folk went away,
Just to follow th' employments and calls of the day;

But those who knew better their time how to spend,
 The fiddling and dancing all chose to attend.
 Miss Clunch and Sir Toby perform'd a Cotillion,
 Just the same as our Susan and Bob the postillion;
 All the while her mamma was expressing her joy,
 That her daughter the morning so well could employ.

—Now why should the muse, my dear mother,
 relate

The misfortunes that fall to the lot of the great?
 As homeward we came—'tis with sorrow you'll hear
 What a dreadful disaster attended the Peer :
 For whether some envious god had decreed
 That a Naiad should long to ennoble the breed ;
 Or whether his Lordship was charm'd to behold
 His face in the stream, like Narcissus of old ;





Baynes delin.

Taylor sculp.

*In handing old Lady Bumpfidget & daughter
This obsequious Lord tumbled into the water.*
page 108.

Published Sept. 1 1797, by Turner & Wood, 31, Poultry.

In handing old Lady Bumfidgit and daughter,
 This obsequious Lord tumbled into the water ;
 But a nymph of the flood brought him safe to the
 boat,

And I left all the ladies a-cleaning his coat.—

Thus the feast was concluded, as far as I hear,
 To the great satisfaction of all that were there.
 O may he give breakfasts as long as he stays,
 For I ne'er ate a better in all my born days.
 In haste I conclude, &c. &c, &c.

BATH, 1766.

S — B — N — R — D.

LETTER XIV.

MISS PRUDENCE B—N—R—D TO LADY ELIZ.
M—D—SS, AT ——— CASTLE, NORTH.

Miss Prudence B—n—r—d informs Lady Betty that she has been
elected to Methodism by a Vision.

HEARKEN, Lady Betty, hearken,
To the dismal news I tell;
How your friends are all embarking
For the fiery gulph of hell.

Brother Simkin's grown a rakehell,
Cards and dances ev'ry day,
Jenny laughs at tabernacle,
Tabby Runt is gone astray.

Blessed I, tho' once rejected,
Like a little wand'ring sheep,
Who this morning was elected
By a vision in my sleep :

For I dream'd an apparition
Came, like Roger, from above ;
Saying, By divine commission
I must fill you full of love.

Just with Roger's head of hair on,
Roger's mouth, and pious smile ;
Sweet, methinks, as beard of Aaron
Dropping down with holy oil.

I began to fall a kicking,
Panted, struggled, strove in vain ;
When the spirit whipt so quick in,
I was cur'd of all my pain.

First I thought it was the night-mare
 Lay so heavy on my breast ;
 But I found new joy and light there,
 When with heavenly love possest.

Come again, then, apparition,
 Finish what thou hast begun ;
 Roger, stay, thou soul's physician,
 I with thee my race will run.

Faith her chariot has appointed,
 Now we're stretching for the goal ;
 All the wheels with grace anointed,
 Up to heaven to drive my soul.—

The Editor, for many reasons, begs to be excused giving the public the sequel of this young lady's letter ; but if the reader will please to look into the Bishop of Exeter's book, entitled, " The Enthusiasm of Methodists and Papists compared," he will find many instances, (particularly of young people) who have been elected in the manner above.

LETTER XV.

MR. SIMKIN B—N—R—D TO LADY B—N—R—D,
AT ——— HALL, NORTH.

Serious Reflections of Mr. B—n—r—d.—His Bill of Expences.—The
Distresses of the Family.—A Farewell to Bath.

ALAS, my dear mother, our evil and good
By few is distinguish'd, by few understood!
How oft are we doom'd to repent at the end,
Th' events that our pleasantest prospects attend!
As Solon declar'd, in the last scene alone,
All the joys of our life, all our sorrows are known.
When first I came hither for vapours and wind,
To cure all distempers, and study mankind,
How little I dream'd of the tempest behind!

I never once thought what a furious blast,
 What storms of distress would o'erwhelm me at last.
 How wretched am I! what a fine declamation
 Might be made on the subject of my situation!
 I'm a fable!—an instance!—and serve to dispense
 An example to all men of spirit and sense,
 To all men of fashion, and all men of wealth,
 Who come to this place to recover their health :
 For my means are so small, and my bills are so large,
 I ne'er can come home till you send a discharge.
 Let the Muse speak the cause, if a Muse yet remain
 To supply me with rhymes, and express all my pain.

Paid bells, and musicians,
 Drugs, nurse, and physicians,
 Balls, raffles, subscriptions, and chairs ;
 Wigs, gowns, skins, and trimming,
 Good books for the women,
 Plays, concerts, tea, negus, and prayers.

Paid the following schemes,
 Of all who it seems
 Make charity-bus'ness their care :
 A gamester decay'd,
 And a prudish old maid
 By gaiety brought to despair :

A fiddler of note,
 Who, for lace on his coat,
 To his taylor was much in arrears :
 An author of merit,
 Who wrote with such spirit
 The pillory took off his ears.

A sum, my dear mother, far heavier yet,
 Captain Cormorant won when I learn'd lansquenet ;
 Two hundred I paid him, and five am in debt,
 For the five I had nothing to do but to *write*,
 For the captain was very well bred and polite,

And took, as he saw my expences were great,
 My bond, to be paid on the Clodpole estate ;
 And asks nothing more while the money is lent,
 Than interest paid him at twenty per cent.
 But I'm shock'd to relate what distresses befall
 Miss Jenny, my sister, and Tabby and all :
 Miss Jenny, poor thing, from this Bath expedition,
 Was in hopes very soon to have chang'd her con-
 dition :

But rumour has brought certain things to her ear,
 Which I ne'er will believe, yet am sorry to hear ;
 ‘ That the Captain, her lover, her dear Romeo,
 ‘ Was banish'd the army a great while ago :
 ‘ That his friends and his foes he alike can betray,
 ‘ And picks up a scandalous living by play.’
 But if e'er I could think that the captain had
 cheated,

Or my dear cousin Jenny unworthily treated,

By all that is sacred I swear, for his pains
 I'd cudgel him first, and then blow out his brains.
 For the man I abhor like the devil, dear mother,
 Who one thing conceals, and professes another.

O how shall we know the right way to pursue?—
 Do the ills of mankind from religion accrue?—
 Religion, design'd to relieve all our care,
 Has brought my poor sister to grief and despair :
 Now she talks of damnation, and screws up her face ;
 Then prates about Roger, and spiritual grace ;
 Her senses, alas ! seem at once gone astray—
 No pen can describe it, no letter convey.

But the *man without sin*, that Moravian Rabbi,
 Has perfectly cur'd the Chlorosis of Tabby ;
 And, if right I can judge, from her shape and her face,
 She soon may produce him an infant of grace.

Now they say that all people in our situation,
 Are very fine subjects for regeneration;
 But I think, my dear mother, the best we can do,
 Is to pack up our all, and return back to you.

Farewell then, ye streams,
 Ye poetical themes!
 Sweet fountains for curing the spleen!
 I'm griev'd to the heart
 Without cash to depart,
 And quit this adorable scene!
 Where gaming and grace
 Each other embrace,
 Dissipation and piety meet:
 May all, who've a notion
 Of cards or devotion,
 Make Bath their delightful retreat!

S—— B——N——R——D.

BATH, 1766.

EPILOGUE

TO

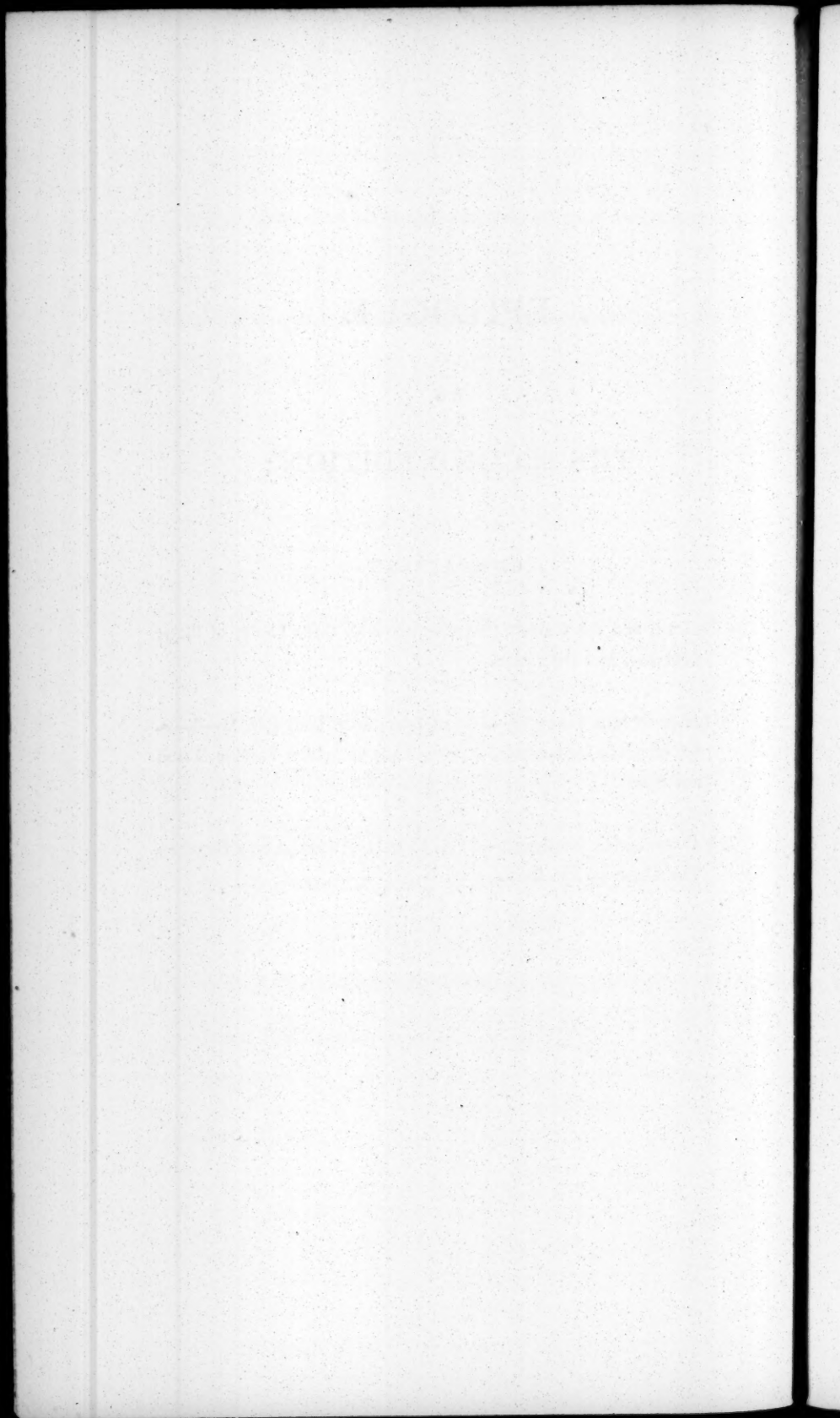
THE SECOND EDITION;

CONTAINING

Criticisms, and the Guide's Conversation with three Ladies of Piety,
Learning, and Discretion.

A Letter to Miss Jenny W—d—r at Bath, from Lady Eliz. M—d—ss,
her friend in the country; a young Lady of neither Fashion, Taste,
nor Spirit.

The Conversation continued.—Their Ladyships' Receipt for a Novel.—
The Ghost of Mr. Quin.



EPILOGUE;

CONTAINING

CRITICISMS,

AND

THE GUIDE'S CONVERSATION WITH THREE LADIES OF PIETY,
LEARNING AND DISCRETION.

THERE are who complain that my verse is severe,
And what is much worse—that my Book is too dear :
The Ladies protest that I keep no decorum
In setting such patterns of folly before 'em :
Some cannot conceive what the Guide is about,
With names so unmeaning to make such a rout.
Lady Dorothy Scrawl would engage to bespeak
A hundred such things to be made in a week :

K

Madam Shuffledumdoo, more provoking than that,
 Has sold your poor Guide for two fish and a mat;
 A sweet medium paper, a book of fine size,
 And a print that I hop'd would have suited her eyes.
 And another good lady, of delicate taste,
 Cries, "Fie! Mr. Bookseller, bring me some paste;
 " I'll close up this leaf, or my daughter will skim
 " The cream of that vile methodistical hymn."—
 Then stuck me down fast—so unfit was my page
 To meet the chaste eyes of this virtuous age.

Guide. O spare me, good Madam, it goes to my
 heart

With my sweet methodistical letter to part.
 Away with your paste! 'tis exceedingly hard
 Thus to torture and cramp an unfortunate bard:
 How my Muse will be shock'd when she's just
 taking flight,
 To find that her pinions are fasten'd so tight!

First Lady. Why you know, beyond reason and
 decency too,
 Beyond all respect to religion that's due,
 Your dirty satirical work you pursue.
 I very well know whom you meant to affront
 In the pictures of Prudence, and Tabitha Runt.—

Guide. Indeed, my good ladies, religion and
 virtue
 Are things that I never design'd any hurt to.
 All poets and painters, as Horace agrees,
 May copy from nature what figures they please;
 Nor blame the poor poet, or painter, if you
 In verse or on canvas your likeness should view.
 I hope you don't think I would write a lam-
 poon;
 I'd be hang'd at the foot of Parnassus as soon.

Second Lady. Prithee don't talk to me of your
Horace and Flaccus,

When you come like an impudent wretch to at-
tack us.

What's Parnassus to you? Take away but your
rhyme,

And the strains of the bell-man are full as sublime.

Third Lady. Dost think that such stuff as thou
writ'st upon Tabby,

Will procure thee a busto in Westminster Abbey?

Guide. 'Tis true, on Parnassus I never did dream,
Nor e'er did I taste of sweet Helicon's stream ;
My share of the fountain I'll freely resign
To those who are better belov'd by the Nine :
Give bustos to poets of higher renown,
I ne'er was ambitious in marble to frown :

Give laurels to those, from the god of the lyre
 Who catch the bright spark of ethereal fire ;
 Who, skill'd every passion at will to impart,
 Can play round the head while they steal to the heart ;
 Who, taught by Apollo to guide the bold steed,
 Know when to give force, when to temper his speed :
 My nerves all forsake me, my voice he disdains,
 When he rattles his pinions, no more hears the reins,
 But thro' the bright ether sublimely he goes,
 Nor earth, air, or ocean, or mountains oppose.--
 For me, 'tis enough that my toil I pursue,
 Like the bee, drinking sweets that exhale from the
 dew,

Content if Melpomene joins to my lay
 One tender soft strain of melodious Gray ;
 Thrice happy in your approbation alone,
 If the following ode for my hymn can atone.

A LETTER

TO MISS JENNY W—D—R, AT BATH ;

FROM

LADY ELIZ. M—D—SS, HER FRIEND IN
THE COUNTRY,

A young Lady of neither Fashion, Taste, nor Spirit.

OFT I've invok'd th' Aönian quire,
 And Phœbus oft in vain,
 Like thee, my friend, to tune my lyre,
 Like thee to raise my strain :

And when, of late, I sought their aid
 The flow'ry bank beside,
 Methought, along the silent glade,
 I heard a voice that cry'd,

“ Mistaken Maid! why idly waste
“ Your hours in fruitless toil?
“ You ne’er the hallow’d brook can taste,
“ Or tread poetic soil.

“ For since your friend pursues the path,
“ Where wit and pleasure reigns,
“ With her has fled each Muse to Bath,
“ From these neglected plains.

“ There many a bard’s inspir’d with song,
“ With epigram and ode;
“ And *one*, the meanest of the throng,
“ Takes satire’s thorny road.

“ For him Bath’s injur’d genius now
“ The hemlock juice prepares,
“ And deadly nightshade o’er his brow,
“ For laurel wreaths he wears.

“ Him, like the Thracian bard, shall curse

“ Each nymph, each angry dame ;

“ Tho’ far inferior be his verse,

“ His hapless fate the same.

“ Torn be the wretch, whose impious strains

“ Profan’d their beauty’s pride,

“ No muse to gather his remains

“ That flow down Avon’s tide ;

“ But him shall many a drone pursue

“ That hums around the stream ;

“ Him frantic priests, an insect crew

“ That cloud Light’s heav’nly beam.

“ Then, lest his destiny you share,

“ Rash nymph, thy strains give o’er !

“ Be warn’d by me, of rhyme beware !”—

The voice was heard no more.

Yet tho' I cease my artless lay,
 Nor longer court the Nine,
 This faithful tribute will I pay
 At friendship's sacred shrine.

Here will I offer incense sweet,
 Here light the hallow'd fires :
 And oh ! with kind acceptance meet
 What true regard inspires.

Nor let my friendly verse offend
 That poor deluded * maid,
 Whose *faith* I ne'er can comprehend,
 Or *grace* in dreams convey'd.

May no such *grace* my thoughts employ,
 Nor I with envy view
 Those scenes of dissipated joy,
 So well describ'd by you !

* Miss Prudence B—nd—rh—d.

Think not a parent's harsh decrees
From me those scenes withhold ;
His soft request can ne'er displease
Who ne'er my joys controul'd.

But pining years opprest with grief
My tender care demand ;
The bed of sickness asks relief
From my supporting hand.

Well do I know how sorrow preys,
E'er since the hour that gave
The partner of his happier days
To seek the silent gravo.

In that sad hour my lips she prest,
Bedew'd with many a tear ;
And " Take," she cry'd, " this last bequest,
" A dying mother's pray'r.



Baynes delin

Dadley sculp.

*And "take, she cry'd this last bequest,
A dying mother's prayer:" — page 155.*

Published Sept. 11797, by Verner & Wood 31, Poultry.

“ O let the maxims I convey

“ Sink deep into thy breast,

“ When I no more direct thy way,

“ Retir'd to endless rest.

“ Look on thy aged father's woe!

“ 'Tis thine to soothe his pain :

“ With Grace like this, Religion shew,

“ And thus her cause maintain.

“ Nor is't enough that Grace displays,

“ Or Faith her light divine ;

“ In all thy works, in all thy ways,

“ Let heav'nly Virtue shine :

“ O! may the Fountain of all truth

“ Each perfect Gift impart,

“ With Innocence protect thy youth,

“ With Hope support thy heart!

“ So may'st thou learn thyself to know,

“ Of all extremes beware,

“ Nor find in age thy cup o'erflow

“ With shame, remorse, and care :

“ Then shall no madmen Light reveal,

“ No visionary priest,

“ With falsehood, ignorance, and zeal,

“ Torment thy peaceful breast :

“ Then shall no fears thy soul distress,

“ Religion's doubts shall cease ;

“ Her ways are ways of pleasantness,

“ And all her paths are peace.”——

Such were the truths ere lost in death

Her parting voice convey'd ;

Such may I keep till latest breath,

Thou dear lamented shade !

What tho' no Muse will deign, my friend,
My homely joys to tell;
Tho' Fashion ne'er will condescend
To seek this humble cell;

Yet freedom, peace, and mind serene,
Which modish life disdains,
(Perpetual sweets!) enrich the scene
Where conscious virtue reigns:

Blest scenes! such unrepenting joys,
Such true delights ye give,
Remote from fashion, vice and noise,
Contented let me live.

ELIZ. MODELESS.

THE
CONVERSATION CONTINUED.

THE LADIES' RECEIPT FOR A NOVEL.—THE
GHOST OF MR. QUIN.

Guide. Now I hope that this letter from young
Lady Betty,

Will be reckon'd exceedingly decent and pretty :
That you, my good ladies, who ne'er could endure
A hymn so *ineffably vile and impure*,
My indelicate Muse will no longer *bewail*,
Since a sweet little moral is pinn'd to her tail :
If not, as so kindly I'm tutor'd by you,
Pray tell a poor poet what's proper to do.

First Lady. Why if thou must write, thou hadst
better compose

Some *novels*, or elegant letters in prose.

Take a subject that's grave, with a moral that's good,

Throw in all the temptations that virtue withstood,

In epistles like Pamela's, chaste and devout—

Her book that *my family's never without*.—

Second Lady. O! pray let your hero be hand-
some and young,

Taste, wit, and fine sentiment, flow from his tongue;

His delicate feelings be sure to improve

With passion, with tender soft rapture and love.

Third Lady. Add some incidents too, which I
like above measure,

Such as those *which I've heard* are esteem'd as a
treasure

In a book that's intitled—*The Woman of Pleasure*.

Mix well, and you'll find 'twill a *novel* produce
Fit for modest young ladies—so keep it for use.

Guide. Damnation—(*aside.*) Well, ladies, I'll
do what I can,

And ye'll bind it, I hope, with your *Duty of Man*.
(*Guide mutters.*) “Take a subject that's grave,
with a moral that's good!”

Thus musing, I wander'd in splenetic mood
Where the languid old Cam rolls his willowy flood.
When lo! beneath the poplar's glimm'ring shade,
Along the stream where trembling oziers play'd,
What time the bat low-flitting skims the ground,
When beetles buz, when gnats are felt around,
And hoarser frogs their am'rous descant sound.
Sweet scenes! that heavenly contemplation give,
And oft in musical description live!

When now the moon's refulgent rays begin
 O'er twilight groves to spread their mantle thin,
 Sudden arose the awful form of Quin :
 A form that bigger than the life appear'd,
 And head like Patagonian *hero* rear'd.
 Aghast I stood! when lo! with mild command,
 And looks of courtesy, he wav'd his hand,
 Me to th' embow'ring grove's dark path convey'd,
 And thus began the venerable Shade :
 " Forth from Elysium's blest abodes I come,
 " Regions of joy, where fate has fix'd my doom :
 " Look on my face—I well remember thine ;
 " Thou knew'st me too, when erst in life's decline
 " At Bath I dwelt—there late repos'd mine age,
 " And unrepining left this mortal stage :
 " Yet do those scenes, once conscious of delight,
 " Rejoice my social ghost! there oft by night
 " I hold my way :

" And from the mullet, and the sav'ry jole,
 " Catch fragrant fumes, that still regale my soul!
 " Sweet Bath, which thou these dreary banks
 along
 " Oft mak'st the subject of thy wayward song."—

Guide. O spare me, blest spirit——

Ghost. Quit thy vain fears; I come not to accuse
 The motley labours of thy mirthful Muse,
 For well I ween, if rightly understood,
 Thy themes are pleasant, and thy moral good,
 Oft have I read the laughter-moving phrase,
 And splayfoot measures of thy Simkin's lays,
 Nor aught *indecent or obscene* I find,
 That virtue wounds, or taints the virgin's mind :
 Beware of that—O! why should I describe
 What ills await the caitiff *scribbling tribe* ?

First see the mob who *novels lewd* dispense,
 The bane of virtue, modesty, and sense :
 Next that infernal crew, detractors base,
 Who pen *lampoons* ; true satire's foul disgrace:
 Nor less the punishment in realms below
 For those who *praise unmerited* bestow,
 Those pimps in science, who, with dulness bold,
 The sacred Muses prostitute for gold :
 Those too whom zeal to pious wrath inclines,
Pedantic, proud, polemical divines :
Bad critics last, whom Rhadamanth severe
 Chastises first, then condescends to hear :
 All, all, in fiery Phlegethon must stay,
 Till gall, and ink, and dirt, of scribbling day,
 In purifying flames are purg'd away.—

Guide. O trust me, blest spirit, I ne'er would
 offend

One innocent virgin, one virtuous friend :

From nature alone are my characters drawn,
 From *little* Bob Jerom to bishops in lawn :
 Sir Boreas Blubber, and such stupid faces,
 Are at London, at Bath, and at all public places ;
 And if to Newmarket I chance to repair,
 'Tis odds but I see Captain Cormorant there :
 But he who his cash on physicians bestows,
 Meets a *tight little doctor* wherever he goes.

Ghost. 'Tis true, such insects as thy tale has
 shown

Breathe not the atmosphere of Bath alone,
 Tho' there, in gaiety's meridian ray,
 Vain fools, like flies, their gaudy wings display ;
 Awhile they flutter, but, their sunshine past,
 Their fate, like Simkin, they lament at last.
 Worse ills succeed ; oft Superstition's gloom
 Sheds baneful influence o'er their youthful bloom—

Such Heav'n avert from fair Britannia's plains,
 To realms where bigotry and slavery reigns!
 No more of that.—But say, thou tim'rous bard,
 Claim not the Wines of Bath thy just regard?
 Where oft, I ween, the brewer's cauldron flows
 With elder's mawkish juice, and puck'ring sloes,
 Cyder and hot Geneva they combine,
 Then call the fatal composition Wine.
 By Cerberus I swear, not those vile crews,
 Who vend their pois'nous med'cines by the news,
 For means of death, air, earth, and seas explore,
 Have sent such numbers to the Stygian shore.
 Shun thou such base potations; oft I've thought
 My span was shorten'd by the noxious draught.—
 But soft, my friend!—is this the soil, the clime,
 That teaches Granta's tuneful sons to rhyme?
 On me unsavoury vapours seem to fix,
 Worse than Cocytus or the pools of Styx;

Inspir'd by fogs of this slow-winding Cam,
 O say, does — presume thy strains to damn?
 Heed not that miscreant's tongue; pursue thy ways,
 Regardless of his censure or his praise.

Guide. But if any old lady, knight, priest, or
 physician,
 Should condemn me for printing a second edition,
 If good Madam Squintum my work should abuse,
 May I venture to give her a smack of my muse?

Ghost. By all manner of means: if thou find'st
 that the case,
 Tho' she cant, whine, and pray, never mind her
 grimace,
 Take the mask from her d—mn'd hypocritical
 face.

Guide. Come on then, ye Muses, I'll laugh
down my day,

In spite of them all will I carol my lay ;
But perish my voice, and untun'd be my lyre,
If my verse one indelicate thought shall inspire :
Ye angels! who watch o'er the slumbering fair,
Protect their sweet dreams, make their virtue your
care!

Bear witness yon moon, the chaste empress of night!
Yon stars, that diffuse the pure heavenly light!
How oft have I mourn'd that such blame should
accrue

From one wicked letter of pious Miss Prue!
May this lazy stream, who to Granta bestows
Philosophical slumbers, and learned repose,
To Granta, sweet Granta, (where studious of ease
Seven years did I sleep, and then lost my * de-
grees)

* Vide University Register, Proctors Books, &c.

May this drowsy current (as oft he is wont)
 Overflow all my hay, may my dogs never hunt,
 May those ills to torment me, those curses conspire,

Which so oft plague and crush an unfortunate
 'Squire,

Some may'r to cajole me, some lawyer to chowse,
For a seven months seat in the parliament-house,
 There to finish my nap, for the good of the nation,
 'Wake—frank—and be thank'd—by the whole
 corporation :

Then a poor tenant come, when my cash is all
 spent,

With a bag-full of *tax-bills* to pay me his rent ;
 And O! may some dæmon those plagues to complete,

Give me *taste* to *improve* an old family seat
 By *lawning* an hundred good acres of wheat!

Such ills be my portion, and others much worse,
 If slander or calumny poison my verse,
 If ever my well-behav'd muse shall appear
Indecently droll, unpolitely severe.

Good ladies, uncensur'd Bath's pleasures pursue,
 May the springs of old Bladud your graces renew!
 I never shall mingle with gall the pure stream,
 But make your examples and virtue my theme:
 Nor fear, ye sweet virgins, that aught I shall
 speak
 To call the chaste blush o'er your innocent cheek.
 O! frown not, if haply your poet once more
 Should seek the delightful Avonian shore,
 Where oft he the winter's dull season beguiles,
 Drinks health, life, and joy, from your heavenly
 smiles.

To the Ghost.

For thee, who to visit these regions of spleen,
 Deign'st to quit the sweet vales of perpetual green,
 Forsake, happy shade, this Bæotian air,
 Fly hence, to Elysium's pure ether repair,
 Rowe, Dryden, and Otway—thy Shakespeare is
 there:

There Thomson, poor Thomson, ingenuous bard,
 Shall equal thy friendship, thy kindness reward,
 Thy praise in mellifluous numbers prolong,
 Who cherish'd his Muse and gave life to his song.
 And O may thy genius, blest spirit, impart
 To me, the same virtues that glow'd in thy heart,
 To me. with thy talents convivial, give
 The art to enjoy the short time I shall live;
 Give manly, give rational mirth to my soul,
 O'er the social sweet joys of the full-flowing bowl!

So ne'er may vile scribblers thy memory stain,
Thy forcible wit may no blockheads profane,
Thy faults be forgotten, thy virtues remain.
Farewell! may the turf where thy cold reliques rest,
Bear herbs, odoriferous herbs o'er thy breast,
Their heads *thyme* and *sage*, and *pot-marjoram*, wave,
And fat be the gander that feeds on thy grave.

THE END.

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